THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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CORSICAN AND CELT.

Napoleon's Connection With Ireland and the Irish—How He Saved Napper Tandy's Life—A Lesson to the English.

The Baltimore Bonapartes Are Irish on the Mother's Side—"Plon-Plon" and reland—Prince Lucien's Blunder.

[*Specially Written for The Citizen.*]

Little more than a hundred years ago the founder of the Corsican dynasty was known by repute, and was intensely popular even in the remote mountainous districts of Ireland. The Napoleonic legend, the incipient glory of which was then shedding its luminous rays over Europe, possessed the same fascination for the Irish as it did for the French peasant. Bonaparte's martial triumphs gave him a warm place in the affections of a people whose military instincts and love of courage had never been crushed under the heel of Anglo-Saxon despotism. Another reason for the admiration which the Irish had for Napoleon, and the extraordinary interest they took in his career, may be found in their belief that he would one day steer his bark to Erin's isle, and, driving the English garrison bag and baggage from the land, proceed to the establishment of an Irish Republic. The Irish peasantry began to look on the "Little Corporal" as their future deliverer—the man of Destiny—spoken of by Columbkille—who was to give back their own to a spoliated race. I have heard snatches of old ballads on "Bony," as he was familiarly called, which were sung on Irish hillsides or by Irish hearths in the closing years of the last, and the opening years of the present century, and which prove that the Corsican was regarded as the future Washington of Ireland. One of these patriotic lyrics commenced as follows:

"Sure, Bony's comin' over, boys, with twice ten thousand men
To fight our cause, and get our laws on mountain and in glen;
With such a chieftain in the van we'll conquer evermore,
For God will bless the Emerald green and France's tricolor!
So glory to the gallant man who's crossing o'er the sea,
Whose sword will smite the tyrant's might, and set old Ireland free!"

That Napoleon did make several attempts to "cross over the sea" on such a mission is historically true, but it is no less a fact that on one occasion at least he could easily have invaded Ireland instead of wasting his strength, as he did, in a fruitless expedition to the Pyramids of Egypt. Napoleon had a certain amount of sympathy with the people of Ireland; but it would be idle to deny that the chief object he had in view in his contemplated rescue of Ireland from British oppression was his own personal aggrandizement, and a desire to crush "perfidious Albion" in her most vulnerable stronghold. He did not, however, purpose in case of victory to make Ireland a French province. He would have kept his army in that country for a year or two, until Irish independence would have been consolidated on a firm basis, and Ireland would be able to defend herself against all her enemies. Then the Tricolor, like the Union Jack, should float no more over her towns or towers.

NAPOLEON'S CHAMPIONSHIP OF TANDY.

Napoleon's right-hand man for years was a Franco-Irishman named Henry Clarke, who was created Duke of Feltre, and who from 1807 down to 1814 held the important post of Minister of War. Clarke, however, does not seem to have been in particularly good odor with the Irish exiles in France. Wolfe Tone and Emmet speak of him in any but good terms. It is more than probable that it was the Duke's sinister influence which was partly the cause why Napoleon abondoned his proposed expedition to Ireland in '98. The First Consul was, moreover, at that time somewhat discouraged by the failure that had attended the efforts of General Humbert to make any serious headway against the English in the West of Ireland. Bonaparte was anxious, we are told, to try his hand in the same direction as Humbert subsequently; but he was dissuaded from so doing by the conflicting reports of Irish envoys, some of whom stated that the people were ready for revolt, while others persistently asserted the contrary. In the *Memoires de Sainte Helene* he tells Las Cases years afterward, that the great mistake of his life was to have gone to Egypt instead of to Ireland on that occasion.

Napoleon's championship of Napper Tandy is one of the brightest pages of the former's eventful career. Napper Tandy, who was one of the chief of the Volunteers of '82, and who subsequently became a member of the organization of United Irishmen, had to leave Ireland, and proceeded to Hamburg, then one of the free cities of Germany, where he worked ardently for the success of the Irish cause. The English government, having failed to have Tandy arrested under its own flag, bribed the senate of Hamburg to effect the imprisonment of the Irish patriot in that city. After a short interval of time he was delivered up to the keeping of the captain of an English ship, and transported to England. Napoleon, on hearing of the treachery, branded it as an attack on the rights of nations and a crime against humanity. The senate of Hamburg wrote to Napoleon regretting the unfortunate mistake they had made. "Your letter," he replied, "does not justify you. You have violated the laws of hospitality—a thing which never happened among the most savage hordes of the desert." A deputation from the senate afterwards called on the Corsican who inflicted on them a fine of four millions and a half of francs as a punishment for their dastardly conduct. Meanwhile Tandy was tried at Lifford, County Donegal, on the charge of high treason, and condemned to death. Napoleon, being apprised of the fact after his return from Egypt, informed the British Government that as the condemned man was an officer in the French army, and consequently a French citizen, he should be restored to his adopted country. "If you slay Monsieur Tandy," he added, "one of your officers, whom I keep as a hostage, shall be slain by my orders." Napoleon even went further than this in his gallant effort to save the life of this devoted Irishman. The French Minister in London informed the cabinet of St. James that Bonaparte instructed his brother, Joseph, to withhold his signature from the treaty of the Peace of Amiens till Tandy had been given up. This stroke of policy sent such alarming tremors down the spine of the British Cabinet that Tandy's release was effected, and he was enabled to land in safety at Bordeaux on March 4, 1802, when that city illuminated itself in honor of the brave Irishman, who was immediately gazetted general of division in the French army. This reparation having been made, the Treaty of Amiens was signed thirteen days afterward, March 27. The action of Napoleon on behalf of Tandy, and its triumphant issue endeared the "Little Corporal" to the hearts and affections of the Irish people at home.

NAPOLEON AND THE IRISH LEGION.

England's treacherous attempt to have Napper Tandy hanged fanned the flame of Bonaparte's hostility to that power, and had the effect of inducing him to devote his attention once more to the question of the emancipation of Ireland. With this view he made preparations for the invasion of that country. I find in a letter of his to Marshal Berthier, dated Sept. 27, 1805, that an expedition was officially decided upon, that 18,000 men fully equipped and armed, at Brest, were to hold themselves in readiness to embark at a moment's notice, and that a diversion was to be made, simultaneously with the landing in Ireland, on the coast of Kent in England. Just at this propitious moment fate once more dashed the cup of hope from Ireland's lips; for, owing to the crushing defeat of the French fleet at Trafalgar, the whole project had to be given up by Napolean. Before this collapse had taken place it should be said that the Irish Legion was established under the direct auspices of Napoleon in 1803. The necessary imprimatur of the First Consul having been given to the decree authorizing such a step, Adjutant General MacSheehy was charged to execute it, which he did by proceeding to Morlaix where he organized a corps composed almost exclusively of Irishmen. Shortly after its formation Captains Tennant and Corbet were deputed by the Legion to go to Paris to attend the coronation of the new Emperor at Notre Dame cathedral. Both officers were there presented with a beautiful flag of the sovereign who thanked the Legion for its devotion to France. On one side of the colors were inscribed the words: "Napoleon I. Empereur des Francais a la Legion Irlandaise," while on the reverse was a crowniess harp bearing the inscription: "L'Independance d' Irlande." The subsequent career of the valiant Legion is told simply but eloquently in the pages of the "Memoirs of Miles Byrne," one of its most chivalrous and devoted officers. Its soldiers followed Napoleon in his trail of military glory over Europe, fighting as nobly as did their predecessors of the Irish Brigade, and hoping against hope that they would be able one day to strike a final blow for the old land. With the setting of the Napoleonic sun at Waterloo, however, their expectations of any such issue for their arms were definitely laid at rest and buried—at least for their time and generation. Before dismissing the personality of Napoleon himself from this sketch, it may be interesting to note that the confidant and friend of the great man in the closing years of his life, when he was chained like an eagle to the rock of St. Helena, was an Irishman named O'Meara.

It may be considered none the less interesting in this connection to record a brief romance that was enacted when Napoleon reached the zenith of his glory—the hero and heroine of which were General Humbert, of Irish fame, and the youngest sister of the Emperor. Pauline Bonaparte was a young lady of much personal beauty. Very early in life she was married to General Leclerc, whom she accompanied to the French Indies, where he held an important official position given him by his brother-in-law. The union was a brief one, Leclerc having died of the fever shortly after his arrival in the colony. Napoleon despatched General Humbert to the Indies with instructions to fetch Pauline back to France. On her return voyage to Europe the handsome Madame Leclerc fell in love with her escort, a fine, broad-shouldered splendidly statured officer, who reciprocated the young widow's attachment which culminated in their engagement. Their marriage, however, never took place; for Napoleon would not hear of it. "My favorite sister," he said, "now that I am Emperor, must not wed a man like Humbert who was originally a pedlar in skins. She is destined by me to become the wife of a king or an Emperor." Inconsistent was it not on the part of one who was not in origin an aristocrat himself?

THE BONAPARTES OF IRISH-AMERICAN BLOOD.

Napoleon III., though professedly a friend of England, was at heart as much an enemy of that nation as his uncle. He was most discreet in concealing his hatred. Still he showed his teeth in 1866 when he openly rejoiced at James Stephens' escape from Richmond prison, Dublin, and gave instructions to his ministers to have the Fenian chief treated with every respect and deference during the term of his residence in France. The British ambassador in that city sounded the Emperor on the question of Stephens' escape, whereupon the sovereign smiled in that cynical fashion peculiar to him, saying: "I shall not pull the chestnuts out of the fire for your masters this time. I did it once too often at the Crimea. I shall never do so again. James Stephens shall have and enjoy French hospitality as long as I am in the Tuileries."

Prince Jerome Napoleon, a nephew of Napoleon I., visited Ireland in the early sixties where he was received with a hearty welcome, which he afterward very ungraciously acknowledged by writing sundry libels on the Irish race. An interesting story is told of the visit of another of the Bonapartes, Lucien, to the Emerald Isle. He was once presented with an address by a certain Irish municipal body, and by way of special compliment the document was composed and read in French. After listening to it, the Prince rose, and speaking in English expressed his gratitude, but added that he could not reply to the address in detail, as he would have wished, since it was his misfortune not to understand the Irish language!

It is not generally known that Irish-American blood runs in the veins of the American Bonapartes. Napoleon's youngest brother, Joseph, who, by the bye, was educated in the Irish College, Paris, while serving in the French navy, paid a visit to Baltimore, Md., where he fell in love with and married Bessie, the beautiful daughter of a wealthy merchant, named William Patterson, who was an Irishman by birth and descent. The young couple sailed for Lisbon in 1805. In that city the bridegroom was arrested by orders of the French Emperor who issued a decree annuling the union. Thus torn from the arms of his wife, the ignoble Jerome became a passive instrument in the hands of Napoleon, who compelled him to marry Catharine, daughter of the king of Wurtemberg, thanks to which match he became the king of Westphalia. The issue of this marriage was Prince Jerome Napoleon of whom I have already spoken. Jerome's son, Prince Victor, is now living in Brussels, where he poses as one of the several pretenders to the French throne. As for the discarded Irish-American wife, she gave birth to a son who was called "Bo," who died in 1870. His mother survived till 1879, dying at the age of ninety-four and leaving a fortune of a million and a half dollars to Bo's sons, Jerome and Charles J. Bonaparte. The latter married Miss Nellie Day of Boston, granddaughter of the well-known James C. Dunn, a merchant of that city. Mrs. Bessie Bonaparte never relinquished her claim or title to be considered a member of the Napoleonic family. She resided chiefly in Baltimore, where she received several offers of marriage, but indignantly refused them all. With a very unAmerican and top-lofty contempt for the so-called common people, she is reported to have said: "I never could degrade myself by marrying a mere shopkeeper, who after my marriage with a prince became my inferior."

EUGENE DAVIS.

ELLIOTT LITERARY CLUB.

Washington's Birthday to be Appropriately Celebrated—The Exercises.

On Tuesday evening, Feb. 21, the Elliott Literary Club of St. Ann's parish will celebrate in an elaborate manner the birthday of the Father of our Country, the first president of the United States, the immortal Washington, whose life and deeds in behalf of his country and freedom will live forever in the hearts of a grateful people. As each recurring anniversary of his natal day draws near, the citizens of our beloved nation, moved by the deep sense of the value of the precious heritage bestowed on them by Washington and his Revolutionary compatriots, rightly and justly take pride in rendering the occasion auspicious and showing to the world that, though a century of years have rolled over the tombs of the heroes of 1776, yet the spirit of freedom still lives and especially in such a demonstration as this, and that in thus holding as sacred the memory of Washington, they are at the same time paying a merited tribute to the men who, by their valor, and justice and sacrifice thrust from our shores the last vestige of British tyranny and injustice and established a nation of freemen, the first and greatest republic of the New World.

The Elliott Club in presuming to carry out this laudable design is inspired by a sense of patriotism and also furthering at the same time the interests of their own organization, which, is an association founded for the moral, intellectual and physical advancement of the young men. To accomplish these results they are striving to fit up quarters where the members may find congenial enjoyment, uncontaminated by influence calculated to injure. John F. Finerty, editor of THE CITIZEN, will deliver the oration of the evening on "George Washington." There will also appear some of the finest literary, musical and dramatic talent in the city, assisted by a first-class string orchestra. All will be cordially welcomed and made to feel that they will have received the value of their admission ticket, which is 50 cents, and at the same time assisted in building up an organization that will be of incalculable benefit to the young men, and reflect honor and credit on St. Ann's parish.

JOSEPH DOUGHERTY, Rec. Sec.

THE LAST CONQUEST

Of Ireland (Perhaps) Being a History of the Causes That Led to the Failure of the Repeal Movement in 1843, and

To the Desolating Famine of 1847-50, by the Late John Mitchel.

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued).

It comes very easy to men who sat at at home in those days, and did, and attempted to do, nothing, to criticise the proceedings of O'Brien and those brave men who sought in his company for an honorable chance of throwing their lives away. But it must be obvious, from the narrative of the three years' previous famine, what a hopeless sort of material for spirited national resistance was then to be found in the rural districts of Ireland. Bands of exterminated peasants, trooping to the already too full poor-houses; straggling columns of hunted wretches, with their old people, wives, and little ones, wending their way to Cork or Waterford, to take shipping for America; the people not yet ejected, frightened and desponding; with no interest in the lands they tilled, no property in the house above their heads; no food, no arms, with the slavish habits bred by long ages of oppression ground into their souls, and that momentary proud flush of passionate hope kindled by O'Connell's agitation, long since dimmed and darkened by bitter hunger and hardship,—ah! how could the stormvoice of Demosthenes, and the burning song of Tyrtæus rouse such a people as this! A whole Pentecost of fiery tongues, if they descended upon such a dull material, would fall extinguished in smoke and stench like a lamp blown out.

So one might well anticipate; and so it would assuredly be among any other peasantry on earth, who had been so long subjected to a similar treatment. But there is in the Irish nature a wonderful spring and an intense vitality; insomuch that I believe, even now, the chances of a successful insurrection in '48 to have been by no means desperate. At any rate, O'Brien and his comrades were resolute to give the people a chance; knowing full well that though they should be mown down in myriads by shot and steel, it would be a better lot than poor-houses and famine graves.

It is needful, here, to speak of the Irish priesthood and the part which they took in that last agony of our country. Hitherto I have not had occasion to say much of the Catholic church, though it makes so potent an element in Irish life, for the reason that in all vehement popular movements it always follows the people, and never leads, unless the movement be strong and sweeping enough to command and coerce the clergy, the clergy keep aloof from it altogether. Instinctively, the church adheres to what is established, opposes violent action, sympathizes only with success. Thus, in O'Connell's Repeal agitation, several bishops held themselves neutral; and hundreds of priests, as was well known, were zealous Repealers against their will; only because the popular passion was too strong for them to resist. About the time of my imprisonment, and before the "government" had shown themselves thoroughly resolved to put forth all their resources both of force and fraud to crush us, many of the Catholic clergy had come over to the "Young Ireland" party, which then promised to be strong enough to command the services of the church. Some of them, I am happy to acknowledge, being more Irishmen than Romans, did from the first fully sympathize with the national aspirations of their island,—did profoundly feel her wrongs, and burn to redress or avenge them. When the final scene opened, however, and the whole might of the empire was gathering itself to crush us, the clergy, as a body, were found on the side of the enemy. They hoped more for their church in a union with monarchial and aristocratic England than in an Ireland revolutionized and republican; and, having taken their part, they certainly did the enemy's business well.

It is plain, then, against what desperate odds O'Brien and his friends took the field. The utter failure to make, I do not say a revolution, but even an insurrection, cannot be understood without explaining all these elements of the problem which had arisen to be solved. On July 24, O'Brien and Meagher came to the small town of Callan; marched to the market-house; found it occupied by a party of the Eighth Hussars.

"At the moment we entered, they were busy cleaning their bridles, saddles, carbines, sword-belts, and other accoutrements. Seeing the crowd approach the market-house, some of them were for starting off, at first, and leaving the position in the hands of the 'enemy.'

"I told them there was no necessity for their leaving the building; that no advantage would be taken of them; that their arms were just as safe there as they would be in Dublin Castle; perhaps more so.

"'We know that, sir,' replied the young corporal, 'we know well you wouldn't take an unfair advantage of the poor soldiers; at any rate you would not do it to the Irish Hussars.'

"'Three cheers,' I cried out, going to the door, and calling upon the people, 'three cheers, boys, for the Eighth Royal Irish Hussars!'"

The Hussars would probably have loved them much better if they had at once taken the arms and horses of the first troops the encountered, and proceeded to the next town.

A day or two afterwards, at Carrick-on-Suir:

"A torrent of human beings, rushing through lanes and narrow streets; surging and boiling against the white basements that hemmed it in; whirling in dizzy circles, and tossing up its dark waves, with sounds of wrath, vengeance and defiance; clenched hands, darting high above the black and broken surface, and waving to and fro, with the wildest confusion, in the air; eyes, red with rage and desperation, starting and flashing upwards through the billows of the flood; long tresses of hair, disordered, drenched and tangled, streaming in the roaring wind of voices, and, as in a shipwreck, rising and falling with the foam; wild, half-stifled, passionate, frantic prayers of hope; invocations, in sobs, and thrilling wailings, and piercing cries, to the God of heaven, His Saints, and the Virgin Mary; challenges to the foe; curses on the Red Flag; scornful, exulting, delirious defiance of death; all wild as the winter gusts at sea, yet as black and fearful too; this is what I then beheld—these the sounds I heard—such the dream which passed before me!

"It was the Revolution, if we had accepted it.

"Why it was not accepted, I fear, I cannot with sufficient accuracy explain."

The explanation is various. With what passionate erthusiasm soever this devoted band was at first welcomed, whether in city or country, the Catholic clergy (for which may God forgive them!) if they had recommended but a few hours before any decisive action, took care to cool it off, and succeeded in frightening the simple people. Then the people themselves were unprovided generally with arms and food: there was neither chest nor commissariat. Then, O'Brien resolutely refused to supply this want by the only resource in his power; refused to commence a struggle which he felt to be for man's dearest rights by attacking and plundering the estates and mansions of the gentry,—who, however, were then generally fortified and barricaded in their own houses, to hold the country for the enemy.

For several days he went from place to place, attended by his friends, followed sometimes by two or three hundred people, half armed, always expecting to meet a party with a warrant for his arrest, in which case it would be war, both defensive and offensive, to the last extremity. All around him were country mansions of nobles and gentlemen who had openly avowed themselves (in their "Addresses of Confidence") for the English, and against their own people, and who had publicly branded him as a rebel, and offered their lives and fortunes for the work of crushing him; and he, an outlaw, with arms in his hands, and a force gathering around him burning to begin the work—would not molest a single enemy, nor even exact contributions from them to feed his followers and hold them together. All this was resolved and done from the purest and most conscientious motives, undoubtedly; but it would have been much purer and more conscientious to make the people dip their hands deep at once in British blood, and beckon the nation to arms by the light of the blazing castles of Tipperary's exterminating landlords.

Another day we find them at the village of Killenaule. O'Brien and his few followers being then quartered in the place, news was brought that a party of dragoons was approaching. A primitive barricade was hastily thrown up across the village street, made of carts and rubbish; and Dillon commanded at the barricade. Mr. O'Brien's order was absolute—to let the dragoons pass on unless they carried a warrant to arrest some of the party. The officer rode up, and demanded passage. Dillon replied that he commanded there for O'Brien; and, if the officer would give his word of honor that he had no warrants for arrest, he might pass. As the officer imperiously demanded passage, Stephens suddenly raised his rifle and covered him; his finger was on the trigger; one moment, and Ireland was in insurrection. But Dillon sternly ordered him to lower his rifle, and, having removed some carts, he himself led the officer's horse through the barricade, as a sign to the people that the soldiers were not to be molested. The dragoons went on their way, O'Brien was not yet at war; and the villagers of Killenaule wondered what it meant.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

STREET POETRY OF DUBLIN.

How An Obliging Painter of the Irish Metropolis Prepared King Billy's Statue for the Annual "Levee."

[*To the Editor.*]

Under this heading, I found in an old journal published in Dublin many years ago, the following street ballad. Probably a few words of explanation regarding it may not be out of place for some readers. The statue of William III, commonly called "Prince of Orange" which stands in front of Trinity College, Dublin, was erected in 1701 by order of the "loyal" Irish government to commemorate the memory of the hero who "saved them from pope, popery, brass money, and wooden shoes." Every recurring 4th of November—the Prince's birthday—it was customary for the members of government, privy council, corporation, and the rest of the loyal citizens, to march in procession to the statue, parade around it, make speeches, and drink good long potations to the memory of the "*pious* and immortal William who saved us, etc." Now there were other Irish looking on at these insulting pranks who were far from loyal. They only served to remind them of their cruel slavery, and the perjured faith of the "immortal William." "Remember Limerick!" won Fontenoy, and we may be sure that the same angry cry was often raised in a Dublin street brawl. Skulls were cracked upon short order, fierce oaths were heard upon both sides, and all this was done in the name of religion. Our estimation of Jonah Barrington as a patriot sinks very low when we find him taking part in the yearly parades. Many attempts to destroy the statue were made, the students of Trinity often lending a hand. This sort of thing lasted for more than one hundred years, when, in 1805, the then lord lieutenant "discountenanced" the intended parade, and the long night of bigoted ascendancy was broken.

No one for an instant believes that this step on the part of the government was the result of kindly feeling toward the Catholics—it was nothing more than a piece of State jugglery. The Orange faction was not needed for the present. It had accomplished its purpose. The grand confederacy which had for its object the union of all Irishmen, of all creeds, in bonds of love and devotion to their common country, was broken. Its leaders were in their bloody graves or in exile. Peace reigned in Ireland—the peace of Warsaw. The people were dragooned into silence. High over the jail gates from one end of the island to the other there were grinning skulls, terrible reminders of a beaten cause. Pitt and Castlereagh were dancing jigs in England over their success in prostrate Ireland. The support of the Castle "Cawtholics" was needed to maintain the system of Union, so the order went out that "the government could not countenance the projected parade." However the Orangemen were resolved upon holding it. The 4th of November, 1805, falling upon Sunday, it was resolved to hold it on the next day—the fifth. Some time during Saturday night a painter went to the watchman on duty at College Green and told him that he had been sent to paint the statue of William in advance of the parade, and that the late hour had been selected in order that the mob might not see him. He worked like a beaver for several hours, and coming down told the watchman to mind the bucket and brushes, as he had to go for more paint. When morning dawned, lo and behold, what a sight met the gaze of those "loyal" Dubliners. "Sweet William" was covered with a filthy mixture from head to foot, and the horse was in like condition. The victor of the Boyne had a halter around his neck to which the bucket was attached. The name of the bucket employed need not be inserted. Large rewards were offered for the arrest of the bold painter, but from that day to this his name has never transpired. The "outrage" supplied the Dublin "poets" with capital material for a ballad, and this is what they wrote:

The night before Billy's birthday
Some friend of the Dutchman's came to him,
And tho' he expected no pay
He told the policeman he'd do him.
"For," says he, "I must have him in style—
The job is not wonderfully heavy—
And I'd rather sit up for awhile
Than see him undress'd at the levee,
For he was the broth of a boy."

Then up to his Highness he goes,
And with tar he anointed his body
So that when the morning arose
He looked like a sweep in a noddy,
It fitted him just to the skin,
Wherever the journeyman struck it,
And, after committing the sin,
"Have an eye," said he, "Watch,* to the bucket,
For I am not done with him yet."

The birthday being now very nigh
And swaddling clothes made for the hero,
A painter was sent for to try,
To whitewash the face of the Nero;
He gave him the brush to be sure,
But the first man so deeply did stain him
That the whitewash effected no cure;
Faith the whole river Boyne wouldn't clean him,
And still he remains in the dirt.

T. J. F.

CHICAGO, Feb. 6, 1893.

*Short for watchman.

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THE WILD ROSE OF LOUGH GILL.

An Interesting Tale of the Irish Wars in the Seventeenth Century.

A Bold and Valiant Struggle for Homes and Altars by the Chivalry of Ireland.

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "Under the White Cockade," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued).

Suddenly, as Edmund was gazing about, he heard a rustling almost at his arm, and, quickly turning his head, he thought he saw the dark figure of a man disappearing among the trees; but after gazing and listening for a short time, he dismissed the thought as a mere delusion, and rode on.

In a few moments he found himself on the clearing in front of the home of the O'Cuirnins, and on gazing at the house a loud exclamation of sorrow, pain, and alarm escaped his lips; for there, ghastly and skeleton-like in the moonlight, stood the blackened and ruined wall of what had once been the home of his Wild Rose! And Kathleen and her brother Niall—O heavens! where were they?—what terrible doom had overtaken them?

Ere he could set about answering these mental questions, or give up their solution in despair, his horse reared wildly, almost unseating him, and at the same time he saw a man holding his reins with one hand, while with the other he presented a pistol at his head.

"Dismount or I fire!" came the words in stern tones.

Quick as thought he plunged his spurs into his horse's flanks, causing the animal to bound forward, and that moment a report rang out and a bullet whistled close by his ear. Reining in his horse, and drawing a postol from his holsters, he covered his assailant, who flung down his empty weapon and stood with folded arms awaiting the deadly ball.

"Who and what are you?" demanded Edmund, his finger on the trigger.

"Fire away, bodagh," was the only answer he received.

The Irish epithet, a contemptuous one though it was, assured him that this strange individual was not one of Hamilton's scouts. He now repeated his question in Irish, and the result was that the stranger answered it readily, becoming at once communicative. It was a brilliant idea of Red Hugh O'Donnell's, forty and odd years before, to command his stalwart *galoglach* and nimble *ceithernach* to "slay all who speak no Irish." Time and an alien government, acting conjointly, have reduced our mother tongue to such extremity that, were such a mandate as that of the famous chief of Tirconnell issued at the present day, sanguinary should be the result, dreadful the mortality in this Isle of Destiny. At the time treated of in the present tale, however, the Irish might have acted on Red Hugh's plan with little risk of injuring any "kindly Irish of the Irish," for the latter universally spoke their own language. So this individual, whose bullet was so nearly proving fatal alike to our hero and to our story, soon declared himself, on learning that O'Tracy was neither Sassenach nor Albanach.

His name, he said, was Murtough MacSharry, a Brennyman born and reared, a true friend of the Irish cause, and an enemy of all bloodthirsty Sassenachs and Albanachs, whom he would never spare as long as his hand could use a pike or skian fada; for the dogs had visited that district, massacred all whom they laid hands on, and, above all, had slain his destined wife—the prettiest girl, he asserted, to be found from Lough Erne to the sea.

The poor fellow, who was a young man, only a few years senior of our hero, spoke with a fervid earnestness and vehemence which bore strong witness to the truth of his story. Surprised and rather pleased at meeting something like a kindred spirit to condole with. Edmund leaped off his horse, tied the bridle to a broken fence, and entered into ready converse with the acquaintance thus curiously made.

"You live in these parts, then?" he inquired.

"I was born on the shore of the lake over yonder," was the answer, "where the black and roofless walls of our cottage are still standing—my curse on the bloody Albanach crew that laid it in ashes! I am the last of my family. Father and mother, sisters and brothers, are all dead—heaven rest them, and bless their bones, in old Drumlias!—and only Murteen, poor wild Murteen, is left. Would I were with them!"

"Cheer up, ma bouchal," said Edmund, trying to give the consolation of which he himself was in such need;—"cheer up, and hope for the best."

"What have I to hope for? Corp an dioul! what *can* I hope for? Could I not throw myself into the deepest part of the lough this minute, and end my madness and misery? They say that's the road to Tir-na-n-Oge, and maybe some good fairy or leprechaun that I'd meet there would help me against my enemies. But no—not that. Father Donnell Lynch—the poor soggarth, you know, that was killed by black-hearted Hamilton's devils the other day—said often and often that anybody who had a hand in his own death was a murderer, and should go to hell; and may heaven keep me from the bad place! No, I will live, and I will send the murderers of the innocent and helpless, of the old and infirm, of weak women and children, to the black pit that was made for them!"

The speaker worked himself up to a high pitch of excitement, and his eyes were ablaze with wrath. As he went on with his wild speech Edmund drew back from him in some apprehension.

"Isn't the lough beautiful under the blessed moonlight, a-bouchal?"—and MacSharry laid his hand on the other's arm. "M'anam an Dhia, isn't it a *gile na gile* of a lough? Many a happy day I sailed over it, many a fine bradhawn and brack (salmon and trout) I caught in its bright waters, and many a long hour I lay on the big ivy-covered rock—Our Lady's Bed, you know, a-bouchal—on Inismore yonder. And who was I thinking on all the time? Who but my own sunny-faced colleen dhas machree, who is now cold and dead—dead—dead!" And he wrung his hands in despair.

Edmund saw with pity that the young man before him was insane, and rather dangerously so. Thinking to allay his excitement by some means, he again addressed him soothingly:

"Have patience—we all have our troubles to bear. You say your poor colleen dhas has been killed by the bloody Albanach. Alas! I fear terribly that my own betrothed wife has met the same sad fate—rather that, I pray, than another worse one still should befall her. Surely, my friend, you must have heard of red-lipped, brown-haired Kathleen Ny-Cuirnin, the Wild Rose of Lough Gill.

"You lie!" thundered MacSharry, in a fearful voice.

O'Tracy started back with a shudder as he noticed in the moonlight the horrible appearance which his companion's features had suddenly assumed. They were livid with rage, the eyes were afire, and the white teeth were bared. The maniac's body was trembling with the violent passion under which he labored.

"You lie, you white-faced dog!" he shrieked. "Kathleen Ny-Cuirnin was mine and mine alone. And now, by the bones of my people, I'll kill you—and cut the lying tongue out of your mouth—and nail your crafty head to the black walls of my darling's house—and bury your body in the lough as food for the pikes and the eels!"

There was a cold flash in the moonlight as with the light spring of a wildcat the maniac leaped forward, his terrible skian fada in his right hand. Edmund made an instinctive grasp at the hand that held the deadly weapon. He succeeded in clutching his assailant's wrist and held on to it like grim death.

Then commenced a terrible struggle for the mastery. The wrestlers for life or death were well pitted, save that our hero was the more agile, and his opponent the stronger of the twain. They swayed backwards and forwards, to and fro, on the frost-covered ground beside the peaceful lake—panting, writhing, straining, twisting. Now one slipped and fell on the deceitful ground, but he was up again in a trice. The knife was the principal bone of contention; now O'Tracy wrested it free from the grip of the other, but MacSharry seized it immediately, cutting his hand severely in so doing, and in endeavoring to use it, but in vain; then he made a fierce attempt to sink his sharp teeth in O'Tracy's shoulder, but in vain also; and then, exerting all his powerful muscles, he bent the slight frame of his adversary backwards—backward—backward—until the latter, weak and gasping from the strong pressure, felt his legs bending beneath him and his strength fast ebbing. At this moment, with the desperation of despair he recovered himself, and by a dexterous movement of hand and foot, tripped up MacSharry; but his own scabbard becoming entangled between his legs at the same time, both wrestlers came heavily to the ground together, where they rolled over and over, locked in the same fearful grapple.

At length MacSharry got uppermost, and seizing the other's throat with an iron hand, he pressed him downwards on the earth, laying his strong knee on his chest. The cold glitter of the deadly skian fada danced in Edmund's eyes, the madman's breath was hot on his face, and the hellish glare of his eyes seemed to scorch into his brain. Closing his eyes to shut out the frightful vision, he murmured a prayer and awaited the fatal stroke.

But that stroke never came. The maniac's grasp relaxed, and the weight of his body was removed from O'Tracy. Looking up, the latter perceived his dreadful antagonist standing over him, holding the long knife in his hand, but making no attempt to use it. The maniac was still in a state of wild excitement, and, on perceiving his fallen adversary's eyes turned to him, he spoke in a loud, shrieking tone:

"No, no, not you, a-bouchal—not you! Poor Kathleen is dead, and you can never see her or woo her any more—never, never, never! So you can do me no harm. But you must live to avenge her—to help me to slay her murderers, the bloody Albanach. Live then;—live, a-bouchal, and have revenge for poor dead Kathleen! Ay, 'dar ma corp agus anam,' revenge for Kathleen! red, bitter vengeance for Kathleen!"

And brandishing his skian fada, the maniac dashed away into the dark recesses of the wood.

With a sore and aching body, but with a thankful heart, Edmund arose. The sudden revulsion of feeling at being restored as it were from death to life caused him to lean for some moments against a tree, uttering a heartfelt prayer of thanksgiving as he wiped the perspiration from his brow. Proceeding to the place where he had tied his horse, he unfastened the reins and mounted. Then with a parting look at the black walls of the late home of his betrothed, he rode back the way he had come, musing deeply on the strange events of the night.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC FOLK-LORE.

Goillis Na g-Cos Dubh.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

Budh mar sin do chaith siad cuid de'n oidhche, acht nuair bhi sé anaice le fáinne an laé, d'éirigh siad, agus rinne siad deabhadh agus deifir le fágbháil na coille móire. Bhi siad tri no ceithre uaire ag sidhbal agus bhi an ghrian ard annsna speurthaibh nuair thainig siad amach aisti faoi dheire, agus bhi an bheirt aca beag-nach marbh lé h-eagla agus le h-obair. Bhi siad beag nach fághail bháis leis an ocarus, acht chonnaire siad bothán beag i bhfad uatha, agus nuair thainig siad chomh fada leis fuair siad sean-chailleach astigh ann. D'iarr siad greim aráin i n-ainm Dé uirri, agus fuair siad sin. Bhi siad ro-thuirseach le siubhal nios mó, agus d'fhiafruigh siad de'n g-cailligh an leigfeadh si dóibh luighe annsan teach an oidhche sin, agus dubhairt si go leigfeadh agus fáilte. Tháinig, air theacht an tráthnóna, inghean na seanchaillighe aisteach, agus bhi sí nios gránna agus nios duibhe 'ná a máthair, dá mbudh fhéidir. Rinne sise dá leabuidh tuighe agus chuir sí cuirceadh air Ghoillis agus air an ógmhnaoi luighe sios agus dul 'una g-codladh, "mar bhi si cinnte go raibh siad sárughthe." Thug siad buidhcachas di, agus luidh siad sios, agus thuit an bhainphrionnsa 'nna codladh air an mball, acht ni raibh aon spéis ag Goillis annsna cailleachaibh, agus nior chodail sé neul, acht leig sé air 'r éis seal beag do bheith ann a chodladh, agus thosaigh sé ar srannfartaigh.

Chuaid an chailleach aronn chuige le coinneal agus chongbhaigh si ós coinne a shúile í, acht nior chorruigh sé agus chuaidh air agaidh ag srannfartaigh, go raibh si cinnte go raibh sé 'nna chodladh dáiribh. Nuair bhi sí sásta ag breathnughadh airsean, chuaidh si anonn do'n bhainphrionnsa, agus d'aithnigh si airan móimid go raibh sise 'nna trom-chodladh. Chuaidh si air ais chum na teine agus thosaigh sí ag caint go sáimh le na h-inghin, acht chogair siad chom h-isiol sin nár thuig Goillis creud do bhi siad ag rádh, acht bhi amhrus agus faitchios air nach raibh aon rud maith le deunamh aca. Chuir sé cluas gheur áir féin, agus chualaidh sé air deire mar dubhairt an mháthair "is áir éigin thiucfadh leis bheith ann so roimhe éirighe an laé," agus d'fhreagair an inghean, "tá'n t-Itheadóir luath

"Maiseadh, marbhfaisg órra!" ar Goillis ann a chroidhe féin, "cia h-é an t-Itheadóir, agus cad é, agus cad chuige bhfuil sé ag teacht anso? Mile mallacht orra! na sean-chailleacha gránna! tá faitchios orm rómpa."

Dubhairt an mhathair arís, "imthigh leat anois, agus fill leis chomh luath agus is féidir leat," agus d'éirigh an inghean ghránna, agus chaith si falluing uirri agus d'fág si an teach.

Má bhi faitchios air Ghoillis bocht roimhe sin, budh seacht mhó é nuair d'fhan sé le leath-uair agus nach bhfaca sé i ag teacht air a h-ais. Bhuail sé é mar bhuille tinntigh gur b'ag iarraidh án fadthaigh mhóir do bhí sí, le na thabhairt sios orra, agus le na marbhabh; agus mar smuain sé air sin do bhris an t-allas fuar amach air a mhala agus a eudan. "Má fhanamaoid ann so go dti an mhaidin tamaoid caillte," ar sé leis féin; "má tá aon t-sáil air bith aguinn le teacht saor caithfimid an teach d'fhagbháil air an mball so."

Thionntaigh sé air a leabuidh tuighe cúpla uair, agus leig sé osna no dhó; le taisbeánt do'n chailligh go raibh sé ag dúisiughadh, agus ann sin shuidh sé suas annsa' tuighe, agus d'éirigh sé.

Chuaidh sé anonn chum na teine go socair, ag sineadh a lámh agus ag osnaighil amhail a's mar bhéidheadh an codladh air fós, agus shuidh sé air stól beag ag an teine, agus shuidh an t-seanchailleach ag taoibh eile an teaghlaigh. Thosaigh sé 'gá théidheadh féin, agus d'iarr sé cómhráth do chur air bonn eidir é féin 's an chailleach, acht d'fhreagair si go géarr agus go crosta é chomh minic agus d-fhosgail sé a bheul. Shaoil sé go mbudh droch-chosamhlacht é sin, agus bhi sé ag éirighe cinnte go raibh droch-rún ag muintir an tighe seo.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

LITERARY.

In the last Congress a great step was taken in civilization when, against the bitterest prejudices and most alarmed entreaties, a large measure of justice was done to intellectual property by the passage of the International Copyright Bill. That measure has already justified the claims of its friends, and shown the groundlessness of the fears of its enemies. It was nos asked for as a matter of favor, but of right; and it is on this ground, and in the same spirit of self-respect, that American artists and their allies ask for the justice that lies in free opportunity. To provide this is the first duty of government. No man is a beggar who asks for it; no good citizen will be content with less. And as no public investment is so valuable to a government as its investment in the respect of its own citizens, it is to be hoped that before the close of the present session, this barbarous tax upon intelligence will be removed, so that Americans may be able to look frankly in the face the representatives of those great nations—great in nothing more enduring than their art—to which our own artists are indebted for the most constant and generous opportunity, instruction and inspiration.—*The Century for February.*

It was a rule of the old French law that monarchs come of age at 13. Louis was rapidly approaching the momentous birthday. He had grown into a tall, fine-looking lad; his manners were good; he was an excellent horseman; he danced admirably, as we have seen; and he had already shown that taste for elaborate dress and ceremony which later years were so strongly to develop. But before he reached the eventful day, the royal pair passed through a trying experience. It was night-time. Suddenly a rumor spread abroad that the king and his mother were trying to escape out of their unfriendly capital. Bells rang, the people turned out, all Paris was in an uproar, and marched down upon the Palais Royal. Arrived at the palace gates, the people shouted their will. "Our king! show us our king!" they cried. Within the palace were dismay and fear. The queen's ladies, pale and trembling, clung to her; she alone was undismayed. Hearing the shout for the king, she—his mother—calmly ordered the doors to be thrown open wide. She faced the mob of those who would enter, and asked what they wanted. "To see the king," they answered, "and assure ourselves that you do not intend to steal him away." "The king sleeps," replied the queen. "I will show him to you." With all the regal grace for which she was famous, Anne slowly led the way down the gallery to her son's room. She was followed by as motley a crew as ever the Palais Royal had seen within its walls. On the threshhold she paused to put her finger significantly on her lips, then stepped forward to the bed, pulled wide the curtains, and displayed to the people the young king seemingly asleep. Louis the Fourteenth lay there with eyelids tight shut, but it was to keep back the tears of helpless anger that welled up from his heart. For two hours the queen stood beside his pillow, and did the honors of his supposed slumber, while the rabble of Paris filed past in whispered admiration. Such nights as these in the lives of kings either dethrone them or make them tyrants.—*February St. Nicholas.*

A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

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Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest.

OVER 6,000 women in the United States act as postmasters. The largest number in one State, 463, is in Pennsylvania, and 460 in Virginia. There are 256 in Ohio, 243 in New York, 216 in Georgia, 210 in Texas and 209 in Kentucky. Alaska has only one.

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WALTHAM & ELGIN WATCHES.

For "Citizen" Subscribers and Readers. For Sale by "The Citizen." Guaranteed by "The Citizen."

We have decided to revise our watch offers in such a way that each subscriber may find a watch to suit his or her taste and need. The fame of the Waltham and Elgin factories is not confined to this country. It is considered a great thing abroad to own one of these wonderful watches. THE CITIZEN has sold many watches during the past year, and they have given perfect satisfaction. In our offers we select the best examples of these watches for the money asked, and we have been remarkably successful in suiting our subscribers. We have now revised the offers so that they will be more satisfactory than they have been before. Our subscribers and readers should read the following offers carefully, and see how low we can sell these standard goods. If we don't mention just what you want, don't hesitate to write and get our figures.

NICKEL SILVER, WALTHAM OR ELGIN, $5.50.

Offer No. 31—A Men's Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No. 33—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $12 00. This watch is just the same as No. 33, but the case is dust proof and open face. The back and front screw on and off, and the watch sets by pulling on the stem. The glass in the face is bevelled plate, and strong enough to withstand any strain. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $12.00.

GOLD-FILLED ENGRAVED WATCH.

Offer No. 32—Men's size, hunting case, Waltham or Elgin, $14.35. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a case made of two plates of solid gold drawn over a plate of fine composition metal, and guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear just like gold for 15 years. The case is beautifully engraved. The works are standard Waltham or Elgin, they are jeweled, and contain stem winding and setting apparatus, and all improvements. Watch clubs and installment men have been selling this watch right along for $38.00. We will send it by registered mail to any subscriber, old or new, for $14.35.

Offer No. 34—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $10. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, whichever the subscriber may choose. It has the celebrated compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, fifteen fine jewels in solid gold settings, Breguet hair-spring and all improvements. It has the finest patent regulator in the world that can be adjusted by any boy. Full instructions for using this watch go in every box, and the watch is returnable within three days if not up to the guarantee. We commend this watch to the use of all, but especially of those who require the most accurate time. The works are good for 50 years' wear, and they can be put in a gold case whenever the owner wishes. The case is made of solid nickel silver, and the back and front screw off and on, making this watch dust proof. We send this to any subscriber by insured registered mail for only $10.

Offer No. 35—Pride of Elgin, Men's size, Fancy Gold watch, open face, only $15. THE CITIZEN offers to its subscribers one of the most beautiful watches to be found in the market. The case is made of solid gold, reenforced or stiffened; thus a case is obtained which is superior to a solid gold case. This case is guaranteed to wear for 15 years, and with any decent usage will wear just like solid gold for from 25 to 30 years. It is full engraved over back, front and centre, giving this timekeeper a unique appearance, of which no adequate impression can be conveyed by a mere description. The movement (commonly called works) is jeweled according to the most scientific principles, and the patent pinion and compensation balance are made of highly tempered steel. The dial or face is set with gold, and the hands are made of solid rolled gold plate, spun and wrought to the fineness and delicacy of antique lace. Since it is the latest product of the great Elgin factory, it has been fittingly named Pride of Elgin. The subscribers to THE CITIZEN deserve handsome watches and we are determined that they shall have them. This will undoubtedly prove a fortunate speculation for many of our subscribers, because such a watch readily yields $25 to $35 in cash or exchange. Don't write and ask if it is a genuine Elgin. We guarantee it and that's enough. We give you the benefit of our great discounts, and charge you, including free delivery, only $15.

"THE CITIZEN SPECIAL."

Offer No. 36—Gold watch, Men's size, $16.75. The watch and case-makers of the United States have for many years been trying to produce a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in every thing except the expense. At last this has been accomplished. The Waltham Watch Co. has produced the most beautiful watch ever made; this watch is made for people who wish to carry a "thin model" watch; we mean that this watch does not take up much room in the pocket, the case being of the regular strength and thickness. The case is made of two plates of solid 14k fine, so thick that they will last 20 years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck; this feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch-makers. The ring, joint plugs, thumb piece and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain Logan's celebrated Breguet hair-spring, a regulator so plain that a child can work it; seven valuable jewels, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and pendant setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be superfluous. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside," a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to THE CITIZEN subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of open face or hunting case, delivered, $16.75.

SOLID GOLD, GRANGER CASE. "P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM.

The style of Waltham works is especially desirable where the most accurate time is required. They contain 15 jewels in solid gold settings, Breguet hair-spring, hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, safety pinion, expansion balance, stem-winding and setting apparatus, and all the latest and greatest improvements. This movement is adjusted at the factory to temperature and positions; it is one of the finest full-plate movements in the world. We sell this movement in the following cases:

No. 37, Solid gold Brooklyn "Granger-hunting or open face, $30.00.

No. 38, Gold-filled, 15 year hunting case (engraved), $22.10.

No. 39, Gold-filled, 15 year case, open face (engraved), $18.50.

No. 40, in solid Silver Coin case (3 oz.), open face or hunting, $18.50.

No 41, in solid Nickel Silver case, dust proof, open face, $12.25.

The above prices include free delivery in every instance. Remember you get the same works in the nickel as in the solid gold case. This is a great feature, because you can buy a genuine "P. S. B." in a nickel case and afterwards have it put in a gold or silver case.

LADIES' SOLID GOLD WATCH.

Offer No. 42—$22.00. This is a genuine Elgin watch in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14k gold U. S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder setter and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant timepiece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $22.00.

Offer No. 43—Ladies' Gold Watch, $17.25. This is a Waltham of Elgin watch, ladies' size, neatly engraved. The works contain the same improvements as those in No. 42, and the solid gold case is made by a celebrated gold case company. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $17.25.

Offer No. 44—Ladies' size gold watch, $13.15. This is a seven jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting case, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be standard, and good for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch whether she chooses Waltham or Elgin, will be proud to carry it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.15.

Offer No. 45—Ladies' size gold watch, is a seven jeweled Waltham or Elgin watch in a handsome engine-turned hunting case. In this case the ring, joints, thumb-piece and all parts subjected to constant use are made of solid gold. The case is called gold filled, and it is as durable as solid gold, and much stronger. The manufacturers guarantee this case to wear 20 years. The works in all watches we sell are good for from 30 to 40 years. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for $13.75.

Offer No. 46—Ladies' size solid coin silver Waltham or Elgin watch; the works contain seven jewels, stem-winder and setter, and all improvements. This watch is just as good and handsome as a solid gold watch. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for only $9.50. The above watch is especially suitable for girls. It is full ladies' size. The Waltham and Elgin companies make no distinction between ladies' and girls' watches.

How to order a watch—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

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SOME RIGHT AND LEFT THRUSTS.

The Speaker Is Sarcastic and Bitter in Disposing of the Arguments of Those in Favor the Repeal of the Sherman Purchasing Act—Senate Refuses to Consider the Bill for Its Repeal by a Vote of 23 to 42—The Yeas and Nays—Analysis of the Vote.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 7.—The senate Monday refused to consider the Sherman act repeal bill by a vote of 23 to 42. Previous to the vote Hill made a speech in favor of repeal in the couse of which he said:

"In the first place I will try to show the fatal contrariety between silver purchases and a free bimetallic coinage law. Second, to indicate those features of our treasury, finance, money stock and business condition, as well as the nature and function of money, which may explain why repeal of the Sherman law will stop the vast shrinkage of all our currencies and reduce their natural enlargement far beyond any monthly silver purchase accretions. Third, to show the law of the parity of gold and silver as maintained for eighty years by free bi-metallic coinage, and the law of those divergencies from parity which the absence of free bi-metallic coinage has entailed for the last nineteen years. Fourth and finally, to indicate precisely why and how mere repeal of the Sherman law, stopping silver purchases and leaving the now dislocated gold money and silver money of the world to the full shock of these divergencies from parity, will arrive at once to the mark aimed at, and may be expected to remove the only foreign obstacle to the restoration of free bi-metallic coinage and the permanent parity of gold and silver.

The Speaker Indulges in Sarcasm.

"I cannot offer to the senate on behalf of the state of New York every argument for repeal which is thought good enough for the instruction of her senators, by the gods, half gods and Godkin who assume our morning and evening tutorage. Offscouring of the earth myself, I would not for the world in these times speak profanely of those divinities. I merely say that in prescribing repeal they have not thought fit to be cogent. But the senate will kindly consider how busy they are. In their supervision of the literature of all nations and the sewage of New York; in their care of orthodoxy at Rome and in Russia, and of divine revelation for good and true Presbyterians; in their guidance of the moral character and political principles of Prince Bismarck, the other statesmen of Europe, the London county council, the Emperor of China, Sultan of Morocco, and Queen of the Sandwich islands; in their criticism of our federal, state and municipal governments and Tammany society, according to the best of British principles and the purest of personal antipathies; in the selection of candidates for president, statesmen for the Cabinet, and the missing word for newspaper lotteries, these superior beings forget our poor requirements. In fact they fob us off with arguments that won't do. The Senate must excuse this seeming neglect. Such omniscience is often blind in one eye. Perhaps they were busy smoothing our road to Heaven with some supplement to the Ten Commandments. Who knows that they have not been fabricating, to distribute through the post the returns of the cholera, a pill that shall lock up the bowels of mankind through forty degrees of latitude.

Ridiculing Some Arguments.

"I will mention a few arguments for repeal from these superior beings, which we must reverentially dispense with. They talk of silver as a 'pig metal,' and of free coinage as a new kind of cholera. In fact, silver is the only price-marking, payment-making, money-metal possessed by three-fourths of all mankind. Its free coinage has never ceased. The annual increment from all mines to the total silver stock from all ages, is less than one per cent. The output continuing as great, the percentage falls as the mass grows. There is talk of inundation from the silver of other countries, especially Asia, as if the people there had no payments to make, or had some other money metal to make payments with; as if there could be profit to the inundator, before parity, or profit after parity.

His Compliments to Cleveland.

"Lastly, I will pitch overboard the 'black beetle' argument which imputes to American silver miners, their senators and the west at large, a graded inferiority proportioned to their distance from the eastern Olympus in Nassau street. I do, indeed, think the silver state senators have made too little use, for their own sakes, of that theory of money which the world owes to an event without precedent in history, the cessation of free bi-metallic coinage, and to the immense discernment and genius of Cernuschi, who also gave the word 'bi-metallism' to our language and every solid argument to our great cause. For my own part I shall have nothing to say on that subject which I have not learned from his pamphlets, unless it is error of my own. But if the money metal state senators are open to some criticism there, how much more we, or some of us, from the commodity states, who should have better learned our affected interests at the best source.

The Blind-in-One-Eye Argument.

"There are just two bad arguments for repeal that I had nearly forgotten to mention: The argument that repeal of the Sherman law will lock us up in gold monometallism and bolt the door with poor Mr. Knox's fatuous work—the act of 1873. That is the blind-in-one-eye argument, showing that the Olympians have really been too busy to entice the joint resolution of both parties—the people's mandate of free bimetallic coinage. My very last discard is the pictorial argument for repeal, which the senate will please pardon, for although it is not good enough for them, it satisfied an excellent economist whose name I will keep a secret With immense illustrations the newspapers picture the silver output as the Amazon, Orinoco, Mississippi and Ganges all in one devastating flood. Well, this then to educate our masters. Every ounce of silver extant on the earth, the total accumulation since their progenitors were apes, or angels, as the case may be, if carried to the Acropolis at Athens, and melted in one block, would not half fill the famous Parthenon."

Mr. Hill then discussed the relations of bullion purchases to the maintenance of parity between gold and silver.

The Vote in Detail.

The vote against taking up the bill was as follows: Yeas—Brice, Caffery, Davis, Dawes, Dixon, Faulkner, Frye, Gallinger, Gibson, Gorman, Hale, Hawley, Hill, Hoar, McPherson, Mills, Morrill, Palmer, Proctor, Sherman, Vest, Vilas and White—23. Nays—Bate, Berry, Blackburn, Blodgett, Call, Carey, Cockrell, Coke, Cullom, Daniel, Dolph, Dubois, Felton, George, Gordon, Hansbrough, Harris, Hunton, Irby, Jones of Nevada, Kyle, McMillan, Manderson, Mitchell, Morgan, Pasco, Peffer, Perkins, Pettigrew, Platt, Power, Pugh, Ransom, Shoup, Squire, Stewart, Stockbridge, Teller, Turpie, Vance, Voorhees, and Wolcott—42.

An analysis shows the following: Democrats voting to take up repeal, 12, paired, 2; total 14. Republicans voting to take up the bill, 11; paired, 7; total, 18. Democrats against taking up the bill, 20; paired, 3; total, 23. Republicans against taking up the bill, 19; paired, 6; total, 25. Populists against taking up the bill, 3. This includes Stewart of Nevada, who has formally withdrawn from the Republican ranks.

SCHOOL TEACHER HORSEWHIPPED.

The Mother of a Suspended Pupil Plies the Lash Unmercifully.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 7.—The sixth district school was the scene of an almost unheard of incident Monday morning. Mrs. Abbie Bistler, of 628 Elm street, gave Miss Emma Berk, a teacher of the F grade, a merciless horsewhipping before her class. The 11-year-old son of Mrs. Bistler, Waldemar, was tardy for several days, so that he was at last sent home for an excuse. His mother neglected to send one and the boy was suspended. Mrs. Bistler was sent for by the principal, H. H. Fick. At 10 o'clock Monday morning she came into Miss Berk's room, and closing the door behind her said: "I have come to settle this matter." Then she uncoiled a whip from under her cloak and began unmercifully lashing the teacher. The cries of this lady, mingled with those of the children, brougnt the principal and several teachers to the scene. They finally wrested the whip from Mrs. Bistler and put her out of the school. The children could not be calmed down and it was necessary to send them home for the day. Miss Berk was badly bruised about the face and arms and is threatened with nervous prostration.

OPPOSES A CENSUS BUREAU.

Minority Report on the Bill to Make That Office a Permanent One.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 7.—Fithian of Illinois, from the committee on census, has made a minority report protesting against the passage of the bill reported favorably from the committee providing for a permanent census bureau. The present census office, he says, is divided into twenty-five divisions, all but seven of which should be eliminated. Many of the statistics taken under the present census are merely duplications of reports made by other bureaus.

Not Enlarged for Legitimate Purposes.

The census office has been enlarged from time to time more to create offices and salaries than for legitimate purposes. Consequently, the census has become a jumble of figures and irrelevant inquiries filling volumes which make their appearance so late that they are only useful for waste paper. It is claimed that the cost of maintaining a permanent census bureau would not exceed $200,000 a year. The minority claim it would be treble this amount. Baker of Kansas and Lawson of Georgia sign the report with Fithian.

TO MOVE AGAINST IMMORALITY.

Ministers Organize to Battle with the Slums in the Quaker City.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 7.—The Baptist ministers of this city in a meeting Monday outlined a moral movement directed against the slums, and a mass-meeting will be held very soon at one of the Baptist churches interested in the movement. A committee of three was appointed to represent each of the 800 churches which have signified their willingness to participate, and the committee will organize a board of 100 in each church, which will make an army of 82,400 persons who will move against immorality. Rev. Walter Vrooman is at the head of the movement and he addressed 125 ministers at the meeting. The Knights of Labor and the Liberal league have joined in the move, and the tenement houses in the slums will be the first object of attacks.

Sunday Opening Yet Undecided.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 7.—The question of opening the World's fair on Sundays is still undecided by the house committee on the Columbian exposition. A meeeing for the consideration of the matter was called for Tuesday morning, but owing to the early meeting of the house a quorum failed to appear and nothing was accomplished.

Flood Damage at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Feb. 7.—Much damage has been done by the heavy rains in the past few days. The openings to the sewers were nearly all closed by ice and snow and the water flowed into the basements, doing considerable damage in the down-town district. In some of the business houses trade was practically suspended.

The Gladstone Man Elected.

LONDON, Feb. 7.—At the parliamentary election in Burnley Monday Philip Stanhope (Gladstonian) received 6,199 votes, William Alexander Lindsay (Unionist) 5,506. Burnley was the constituency of Jabez Spencer Balfour, Gladstonian, who is now in America, a fugitive from justice.

Offered the State Portfolio.

BOSTON, Feb. 7.—There is a rumor current that the portfolio of state has been offered to John Quincy Adams by the president elect. At his residence on Commonwealth avenue Mr. Adams could not be seen. His secretary refused to say if there was any truth in the report.

Rebelled Against a Wheat Tax.

BUENOS AYRES, Feb. 7.—Three thousand colonists in the province of Santa Fe armed with rifles and also having possession of some cannon have risen in revolt against the wheat tax. A body of troops with artillery has been sent to Santa Fe to quell the insurrection.

Beat the Skate Jumping Record.

LOWELL, Feb. 7.—On the Merrimac river Sunday Frank Looney Sunday beat the world's amateur record for a flying jump on skates, clearing 16 feet 1 inch. Forty people were present. The best previous record was 15 feet, 2 inches.

Death of a Famous Lawyer.

MIDDLETOWN, Conn., Feb. 7.—Samuel L. Warner, the famous lawyer, died at 2 o'clock Monday morning, aged 67. He was one of the secretaries of the convention which nominated Abraham Lincoln for the second term.

Russian Extradition Treaty Ratified.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 7.—The senate has ratified the Russian extradition treaty with amendments.

FAVOR ANNEXATION.

That Feeling Growing in Both Branches of Congress.

HAWAII WANTS NO PROTECTORATE.

Among the Southern Members the Sentiment on the Hawaiian Question Is Divided—Strongest Advocates and Opponents Found in Their Ranks—Morgan Believes in the Extension of Uncle Sam's Influence.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 6.—The gentlemen in congress have not had any additional information on the Hawaiian question since the commissioners met the secretary and the president, and they don't expect to get any till the president sends in his message Tuesday or the next day. But at both ends of the capitol the sentiment is growing that annexation is the only step to take. The commissioners have said inofficially over and over again that they do not want a protectorate, and senators and representatives who at first thought that was an easy way out of the embarrassment of an unprecedented situation are drifting to the idea that this presents about as many difficulties as direct annexation.

Sentiment Divided Among Southerners.

But no steps are going to be taken immediately. The provisional government is in a position to take care of the country for the present with the help of the United States marines. England seems disposed, according to London dispatches, to keep her hands off if we want to take the islands, and senators and representatives want to maintain the status quo until they have acquired fuller information about the resources of the islands and the different kinds of population who would have to be taken care of. The strongest advocate and the strongest opponent of annexation are southern Democratic senators. Senator Morgan is for annexation, as he has been all along, and an advocate of a broad and foreign policy extending far beyond our own boundaries and our own property. In the discussions on Samoa and the Congo Free State, particularly in the case of the latter, he has taken a leading part in pushing claims of the United States to a wider sphere of influence, if not of power, and his advocacy of the Nicaragua canal as a part of the same policy is well known.

The Sugar Interest Would Conflict.

The southern men generally are in favor of Hawaiian annexation, but Louisiana opposes, and Senator White, who is making a great reputation for himself in the senate, is the most determined opponent of annexation in his branch of congress. The sugar interests of Louisiana and Hawaii conflict. The Louisiana planters are hoping for the repeal of the bounty and the imposition of a duty, and they don't want the islands to stand on the same footing that they do. Reciprocity with Hawaii has not been in the interest of Louisiana, and the Pelican planters believe that annexation would do a great deal to encourage the investment of American capital in the islands, and that the sugar culture would be greatly extended there and the the islands made more dangerous competitors than they have ever been in the sugar market.

A Protest from New Zealand.

LONDON, Feb. 6.—The Pall Mall Gazettee states that the governor of New Zealand has telegraphed to the Marquis of Ripon, secretary of state for the colonies, a strongly worded protest against the annexation of Hawaii by the United States. No definite answer has yet been returned by the imperial government to the New Zealand communication.

Poll of Congress on Annexation.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 6.—A poll of congress on the Hawaiian situation shows that the number of senators favoring a protectorate to be 35, the number favoring annexation 20 and those who are non-committal 25. In the house 83 favor annexation, 46 are against it and 77 are non-committal.

WRECK ON THE B. AND O.

The Accident Caused by Icy Rails—Two Killed and Others Injured.

PITTSBURG, Feb. 6.—A disastrous wreck occurred at 2 a. m. at Williams Station, twelve miles this side of Cumberland, on the Baltimore and Ohio road. Two men are under the wreck and are no doubt dead; another is fatally injured and several others badly hurt. The dead are: George Wallace, engineer, married, lived at Connellsville, Pa.; John Nez, conductor, married, and also lives at Connellsville; William Niland of Glenwood, a fireman, is fatally injured; Conductor Dunlap and Flagman Grimes are both badly injured. The names of the rest of the crews who were injured have not yet been learned. The accident occurred at the foot of the mountain and was caused by the icy rails, which rendered the train unmanageable. At the foot of the mountain it crashed into another freight and both trains were wrecked. The bodies of the men are still in the ruins. Twenty-four cars were demolished.

GOES ABOVE THE ESTIMATE.

The Refund of Duties in the Hat Trimming Cases.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3.—By direction of the president Secretary of the Treasury Foster has directed the collector of customs at New York, Philadelphia and Boston to suspend the refund of duties upon hat material until further advised. Up to the present time the amount of duty refunded in what are known as "hat trimming cases" has aggregated more than $2,000,000.

Enormous Figures.

The importers interested in these cases have contended that the total amount subject to refund would not aggregate more than $6,000,000, while various estimates prepared by government experts place the amount to be refunded at from $11,000,000 to $18,000,000. The question of continuing the refund of duties will be one of the first questions that will come up for consideration when Mr. Carlisle assumes charge of the treasury department.

Family Frozen to Death.

TOPEKA, Kan., Feb. 3.—James Mitchell, his wife and child were frozen to death in a farmhouse seven miles north of the city Thursday.

Accident in the National Museum.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 4.—Yesterday a quantity of alcohol in the engine room of the National museum became ignited and exploded. Three workmen in the room were injured, two slightly, and the third was burned so seriously that it is thought he cannot recover.

DEATH OF MRS. WILLIAM WHITNEY.

The Wife of the Ex-Secretary of the Navy Expires Suddenly at New York.

NEW YORK, Feb. 6.—Mrs. William C. Whitney, wife of the ex-secretary of the navy, died at her home, 2 West Fifty-seventh street, at 3 o'clock Sunday morning of heart disease. Only Mr. Whitney and the nurses who attended her during her illness were present at the deathbed, the end coming unexpectedly. Dr. J. Wood McLane, who, with Dr. Charles McBur-

MRS. WILLIAM C. WHITNEY.

ney, had been attending Mrs. Whitney, left her at half-past 11 o'clock Saturday night, Dr. McBurney having left several hours sooner. When Dr. McLane departed it was for the night, as at that hour it was not expected that Mrs. Whitney's illness would take a serious turn before morning.

Death Came Unexpectedly.

Mr. Whitney sat up until 2 o'clock, at which hour he retired to his bed and the house was darkened. A few minutes before 3 o'clock one of the nurses hastily summoned him and he hurried to Mrs. Whitney's room, reaching there just in time to see her expire. So unexpectedly did death come that there was not even time to summon her father, brother and sister, who were in the house, having been called there when Mrs. Whitney's condition first appeared serious. They reached the bedside a few minutes after her death. The death of Mrs. Whitney awakened widespread sympathy throughout the country, and all day telegrams and messages of condolence were received by the family. Dr. McBurney said that Mrs. Whitney's death was due to an affection of the heart of long standing, and which became pronounced about a month ago. For the last ten days she has been confined to her bed, but it was only during the last five days of that time that her condition was alarming.

LAMAR'S SUCCESSOR.

Judge Jackson Receives the Congratulations of Nashville Citizens.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Feb. 3.—Judge Howell E. Jackson, whom the president has appointed to the supreme court to succeed Justice Lamar, is at home and holding court in this city. Soon after the news of his nomination reached the city he was seen and said he would accept the appointment if confirmed. He further said he had no information from President Harrison that he would tender him the appointment. Judge Jackson has been the recipient of congratulations from citizens irrespective of party since the news reached the city.

ANTI-OPTION BILL PASSED.

The Measure Which Has Occupied the Senate's Time Disposed Of.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1.—The senate Tuesday got rid of the legislative incubus under which it has labored since the first day of the session—the anti-option bill. There were many members of the house of representatives—at times almost as many of them as there were senators—present in the chamber during the votes and the preliminary discussions of the bill, and the deepest interest was manifested in the proceedings, as well on the floor as in the crowded galleries.

Wants Help to Prosecute Frick.

CHICAGO, Feb. 6.—At Sunday's meeting of the Trades and Labor assembly Mr. Roberts of Homestead, Pa., asked the Chicago unions to extend aid in prosecuting Frick. Anent the Homestead troubles, the assembly adopted lurid resolutions protesting against the ruling of Judge Stowe in the trial of John Clifford. The resolutions point to the fact that while Andrew Carnegie contributed $10,000 to the Braddock church on the same day he cut the wages of his men 10 per cent.

Approved by the President.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 6.—The president has approved acts for the construction of a bridge over the Osage river in Buffalo county, Mo., relating to proof of citizenship of applicants for Indian war pensions under the act of congress approved July 27, 1892, and to provide for lowering the height of a bridge to be constructed over the Ohio river between Cincinnati and Covington by the Cincinnati and Covington Rapid Transit Bridge company.

Made a Good Thing Out of the Rescue.

NEW YORK, Feb. 6.—Michael C. Duffy, son of ex-Alderman Duffy, and Thomas Ward, the two young men who went on the ice and rescued the dog that remained six days and seven nights in the reservoir in Central park, have made a good thing out of it. They have sold the little "fool dog" to Charles Z Birnbaum, manager of the Grand Street museum, for $500. Besides this they were paid $25 by Water Purveyor Featherson.

One Crook Less Than There Was.

MEMPHIS, Feb. 3.—Thursday morning George Caldwell awoke James Kelly and shot him three times fatally. C. H Moore and George Hicks were sleeping in the same room, but they fled and Caldwell got away and hasn't been found. It is believed that all the men are crooks from Chicago. Kelly and Caldwell had a fight Wednesday and Kelly had the best of it. Kelly says he has a wife in Michigan.

The Dr. Graves Case.

DENVER, Feb. 3.—The supreme court Thursday issued an order in the Dr. Graves case calling for a new trial. Dr. Graves will be taken from Canon City to Denver at once and the question of bonds determined. His attorneys say they will press for a new trial or an acquittal, that they expect not only to prove his innocence, but to show who really did poison Mrs. Barnaby.

Say the Statement Is Unfounded.

SIOUX CITY, Ia., Feb. 3.—The authorities here have heard of the statement made by Mrs. Drummond at Denver, and after careful investigation declare it to be unfounded in every particular. No such person is known here and certainly had no part in the Haddock murder case.

ILLINOIS LEGISLATIVE DOINGS.

A Matter of Interest to Newspapers—Sundry Bills Introduced.

SPRINGFIELD, Feb. 1.—Bartling's bill repealing the Edwards school law was taken up in the senate yesterday and a Republican substitute requiring all children to attend school sixteen weeks each year was laid on the table—29 to 19. The Bartling bill was ordered engrossed. Knopf offered a resolution for an investigation as to whether the late treasurer Wilson had kept the pledge of the Democratic party in 1890 and paid the state the interest he received on public funds. An attempt to suspend the rules and pass the resolution failed by a unanimous vote amid great laughter. A resolution on the death of James G. Blaine was adopted on a rising vote, and the senate adjourned as a further mark of respect.

In the house the bill repealing the Edwards law went over. When the bill came up Paddock moved the Nohe bill as a substitute. Attempts were made to have the substitute declared out of order, but the speaker ruled the point not well taken The Nohe bill was then laid on the table—75 to 71. The repeal bill then went over Resolutions in honor of the late James G Blaine were adopted with but two dissenters—Burke of Chicago and Carson of Urbana. Bills introduced: To regulate public warehouses and the inspection of grain to increase the rate of taxation in cities 5 mills on the dollar, to be used exclusively for the purpose of extending electric light systems already established; to compel the establishment of waiting rooms and proper conveniences by railroad companies.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Feb. 2.—Both houses of the legislature yesterday passed the bill repealing the Edwards school law, the senate voting 46 to 0 and the house 115 to 11—the eleven being Berry, Coughlan, Creighton, Cherry, Edmiston, Martin, McKenzie, Murdoch, Spellman, Stubblefield and Wheelock. Before the vote was taken numerous substitutes were offered but all voted down, the majority appearing satisfied at this time to repeal the law now on the books. In the house the Republicans filed a protest against repeal without supplying another law in place of the repealed one, putting the party on record as favoring a compulsory law with the clauses objected to by Lutherans and Roman Catholics eliminated.

The resolution inquiring of the attorney general whether the auditor can draw three salaries, and whether the state treasurer can appropriate interest on state funds to his own use, was sent to the judiciary committee in the senate with instructions to report a bill on the subject. Knopf's resolution was sent to the same committee. This resolution wants to know what ex-State Treasurer Wilson did with the interest.

In the house the bill appropriating $6,000 to pay newspapers for publishing the ballot law was passed. The resolution for an inquiry into the advisability of changing the soldiers' orphans' home at Bloomington into a reformatory for girls was withdrawn. Bills were introduced: To prevent vinegar adulteration; to prevent adulteration of canned goods and other food articles, and prohibiting the feeding of cattle and hogs at distilleries and breweries between April and October; "regulating" railway ticket sales, mutual savings banks, sick or accidental benefit associations, fire insurance companies, stock yards, and to require better protection of life by railways.

SPRINGFIELD, Feb. 3.—Both parties in the legislature have prepared congressional apportionment bills, and each claims that its bill is the only truly good one. A brief synopsis of the Republican bill is as follows: Chicago is given seven representatives—including the suburbs. The districts set down as Republican in the scheme are the First, Third, Seventh, Eighth, Ninth, Tenth, Twelfth, Thirteenth, Fifteenth, Twenty-second. The Democratic districts are the Second, Fourth, Fifth, Fourteenth, Sixteenth, Seventeenth, Eighteenth, Nineteenth, Twentieth, Twenty-first. The doubtful districts are the Sixth and Eleventh. Cook county, with Lake, is given seven districts, of which the Republicans control three, the Democrats three, while one is doubtful.

The plan prepared by Secretary of State Hinrichsen for the Democracy gives Cook County with Lake seven districts. In this scheme the Democrats are given nine and the Republicans six of the districts outside of Cook County. The total vote of the districts ranges from 164,406 to 181,797.

The senate yesterday appointed a committee to draft resolutions on the death of "Phocion" Howard. A joint resolution to submit the question to the people of amending the revenue article of the constitution was referred, and one to have an investigation of the American Book company went over. In executive session the nomination of F. M. Roberts, of Carrolton, to be public administrator was concurred in.

In the house "Phocion" Howard's death was referred to by the chaplain. Bills were introduced requiring corporations to pay their employes semi-monthly; prohibiting the careless use of firm-arms; fixing the term of mayor at four years and barring re-elections; giving juries in murder cases power to fix the penalty; authorizing cities to regulate gas and electric rates; giving the citizens of Redbud, which town was destroyed by a cyclone, $15,000; limiting hours of service on railways; establishing a bureau of labor statistics.

SPRINGFIELD, Feb. 4.—After transacting a small amount of routine business yesterday the state senate adjourned to Monday. In the house the senate resolutions—with slight amendments—asking congress to repeal the Sunday closing clause of the Worlds fair bill was adopted—66 to 46. A recommendation for the appointment of M. M. Clark as reading clerk at $4 per day was voted down. Bills introduced: The Republican reapportionment bill: making railway companies responsible for fires caused by locomotive sparks; requiring insurance companies to pay full value of policies.

SPRINGFIELD, Feb. 7.—The senate met yesterday, but there was not a quorum present and all that was done was to adjourn. About thirty representatives were present when the house met. The journal was read and the regular order of business was followed. No one had any bills to introduce and the house adjourned.

Senatorial Outlook in Wyoming.

LARAMIE, Feb. 6.—Four of the five Populist members of the legislature spent the day in conference with the friends of Senator W. H. Holliday, who hopes to succeed Senator Warren in the United States senate. The Democractic leaders say the fight has narrowed down to Holliday and Beck, and the belief is that one of these men will be elected very soon.

The City of Peking Safe.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 6.—The steamer City of Peking, which has been twelve days overdue, was sighted eighteen miles out at 8:45 Monday morning in tow of the steamer San Juan, which had been sent in search of the delayed vessel Sunday.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Happenings of a Week Boiled Down for Easy Reading.

Judge Dundy of the United States circuit court has decided in Omaha that the Pullman Car company would hereafter have to pay taxes in Nebraska on its cars run in that state.

Phillip Molles, aged 19 years, committed suicide at his father's farm near Athens, Ills., by cutting his throat. He was in a delirium caused by a high fever at the time.

The Virginia state building at the World's fair will be a copy of Washington's home at Mount Vernon.

Twenty tons of slate fell upon and killed John Keating in a Canon City, Colo., mine.

Henry Ferguson, a negro and ex-slave of Fort Bend, Tex., owns 1,000 acres of land in cultivation. He is rich and raises large crops, including all his home supplies.

General George W Jones of Florida, James W. Bradbury of Maine and ex Governor Felch of Michigan are the only living ex-members of the United States senate in 1848.

* * *

Charles de Lesseps, in the Mazas prison at Paris, is required to make his own bed, clean up his cell and wash his dishes.

Dora Cushman, aged 7, daughter of H C. Cushman, a traveling salesman of Oskaloosa, Ia., was burned to death. The mother was also severely burned in trying to save the child.

The grand jury at Boone, Ia., indicted the Rev. D. E. Sutton, a Free Methodist minister of that town, for adultery, his wife being the complainant. Sutton in default of bond was sent to jail.

The county board at Oshkosh, Wis., has accept plans for a $50,000 insane asylum.

George Smith is to have his third trial at Valparaiso, Ind., for the theft of a 5-cent cigar. Lawyers' fees, it is said, have already reached about $1,000.

A new marine light which will soon be in place near Havre will be the most powerful in the world. It will be visible at sea a distance of from twenty-two to fifty-two miles, according to the condition of the weather.

The late Senator Kenna is said to have died poor, and an attempt is being made to secure a place for his widow in one of the departments at Washington.

The Khedive of Egypt uses a typewriter, and is so pleased with the instrument that it is said he has conferred the honor of the Mejidie on the inventor.

* * *

Yale students and alumni in mass-meeting refused to ratify the plan to make up the athletic teams entirely of undergraduates.

Right Rev. Frederick Courtney, bishop of Nova Scotia, is to serve officially in the Boston diocese for a month. He will arrive in Boston at the end of the week to assume the duties of the late Bishop Brooks.

Mrs. A. E. W. Robertson of Indian Territory recently completed the translation of the New Testament from the original Greek into the Muscogee or Creek language.

A dynamite explosion at Richmond, Ind., injured John Snyder so that he will die. B. C. Smith was also seriously injured.

Lewis Lenhard, traveling salesman for Eckhouse Bros., wholesale liquor dealers at Indianapolis, is missing and the police report he is short in his accounts over $3,000.

The mayor of Des Moines, Ia., is arranging to have the joints of that city raided and closed.

John W. Burns, a traveling salesman of Detroit, is in jail on the charge of forgery and fleecing a merchant out of money.

* * *

John Ferguson was arrested at Iron Mountain, Mich., charged with attempted assault on a girl aged 6 years.

All the mines of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Coal company in the Lackawanna and Wyoming valleys, Pa., employing about thirteen thousand persons, have been put upon eight hours per day.

In a suit for infringement of copyright Judge Baker of the United States district court at Indianapolis decided that surplus words used in setting forth the fact that a map is copyrighted do not vitiate the copyright.

The state legislature of Puebla, Mex., has abolished bull fighting.

Sam Smith, a 19-year-old negro, was hanged at Birmingham, Ala., for the murder of Isaac Burger nine months ago.

While H. Cushman's 4-year-old daughter was playing with matches at her home at Oskaloosa, Ia., her dress caught fire and she was burned to death.

Governor Nelson of Minnesota has been requested to decline to surrender F. E. Hamilton to Texas authorities on a requisition. Hamilton is charged with arson. He declares that his life would be endangered if he were returned.

* * *

Edward Lorder, a 14-year-old boy of Minonk, Ills., accidentally shot himself with a pistol. The wound may prove fatal.

Henry Hagemeyer committed suicide by hanging in Fulton, Mo. He had been released a short time before from an insane hospital.

A Veteran's Story

Jos. Hemmerich.

Mr. Joseph Hemmerich, an old soldier, 529 E. 146th St., N. Y. City, writes us voluntarily. In 1862, at the battle of Fair Oaks, he was stricken with typhoid fever, and after a long struggle in hospitals, lasting several years, was discharged as incurable with Consumption. Doctors said both lungs were affected and he could not live long, but a comrade urged him to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. Before he had finished one bottle his cough began to get loose, the choking sensation left, and night sweats grew less and less. He is now in good health and cordially recommends

Hood's Sarsaparilla

as a general blood purifier and tonic medicine, especially to his comrades in the G. A. R.

HOOD'S PILLS are hand made, and are perfect in composition, proportion and appearance.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,

CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 11, 1893.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—Rosina Vokes.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—August Junkermann.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—The Bostonians.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Mlle. Rhea.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—DeWolf Hopper Opera Co. in "Wang."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Surrender"

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—George Thatcher's "Tuxedo."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—John L. Sullivan.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

English and other critics have been very anxious during the past few months to make the Panama scandals a pretext for proving or attempting to prove that republicanism as a factor in the government of a nation is a practical failure. Republics, they allege, necessarily become corrupt, and corruption generally always seals their doom, and puts a term to their career. That republics become necessarily corrupt is one of those wild statements which cannot be supported by any material argument whatever. If the ministers of republican governments do at times fall from a state of grace, and soil their souls in the mire of political jobbery, they are not more sinful than the cabinets of various monarchies whose members have erred in a similar fashion. Human nature is prone to the frailties of the flesh under a republic as well as under a kingdom. It is not republicanism which is the cause of the corrupt tendencies of several prominent public men in the France of today. It is that deplorable imperfection and moral weakness of character which humanity has inherited from its primeval parents.

THE CITIZEN, however, has no desire to shield scoundrelism, be it that of republicans or of monarchists. Those who act a dishonest part in our civilized society should be punished by the strong right arm of the law, or there must be an end—and for ever—to all society. The members of the Panama Canal Company have been found guilty of wholesale bribery. Their checks have been scattered broadcast all over Paris for the purpose of propping up, so to speak, a rotten structure, and booming a project which they well knew was as bootless and as hopeless a one as ever could be conceived by the ingenuity of speculators. They drained the purses of millions of artisans and of small farmers dry—thus shipwrecking the fortunes of the people, and blasting the financial prospects of many thousands of families. Penal servitude for life is scarcely a penalty severe enough for such thugs and swindlers as Dr. Cornelius Herz and his odious band of confederates, who were chiefly instrumental in effecting this wholesale disaster. Yet it is only just to observe that similar, and sometimes worse, corruption exists in communities presided over by kings and queens. The fact that England is a monarchy did not prevent some of her public men from indulging in recent swindles at the expense of artisans and other victims. King Humbert of Italy was unable to avert, by the fact of his being a monarch, the banking frauds which occurred in Rome last month, and which have brought shame and disgrace on several of his eminent supporters. It is therefore only the merest bunkum to assert that republicanism is in itself the fertile mother of political fraud or corruption.

The croaking prophets, who predicted that the Panama scandals would seal the doom of the French republic, have been sadly disappointed. The attempt of the Count of Paris and his corporal's guard of parasites to take advantage of the confusion existing in Paris in order to crush the republic, and rear a throne on its ruins, has proved to be a silly fiasco. France has rid herself forever of all kinds of monarchical yokes. She places no further confidence in the empty professions of her would-be blue-blooded saviors, who promise her all possible blessings if she should only take them to her bosom, and give them charge of her destinies. The purple robes of royalty, the shimmer and glitter of a crown, and the tawdry splendor of court ceremonials have no longer any glorious or any other kind of glamour for the French people, who have become heartily sick and tired of Royalist as well as Bonapartist tricks and intrigues against the established government of their country. Despite all opposition, and in the very teeth of its enemies, the French republic is destined to live and to triumph, confident in its unshaken popularity with the masses.

THE POPE'S JUBILEE.

The fiftieth anniversary of the elevation of Leo XIII., under the title of Mgr. Pecci, to the episcopacy is being just now celebrated with much pomp and eclat in the Eternal city. Ecclesiastical dignitaries of very high standing in the councils of the church are flocking from all parts of Europe to tender their hearty congratulations to the Grand Old Man of the Vatican. Pilgrimages to Rome, in which will take part thousands on thousands of the faithful, are being set on foot all over the old world with a zest and enthusiasm worthy of the Crusaders of former ages; while on this side of the Atlantic deputations are preparing to leave for Italy, bearing with them to the Holy Father the assurance of the spiritual loyalty of ten million American souls to the See of Peter and to the eternal faith which that See symbolizes.

It is only meet and proper that the Pope should receive at the hands of his flock all the world over the homage and respect due not only to the exalted position he fills, but also to the extraordinary talents which he has shown evidence of in piloting the Church safely and successfully through the whirlpools of modern indifference and infidelity. Leo XIII. reflects as much glory on the pontifical chair as the pontifical chair does on him. Like his famous and accomplished namesake, Leo X., he is a patron of learning and of art. A poet himself, he has, so to speak, built a shrine and reared an altar in his study in the Vatican to the muses in whose sweet companionship he still spends some of his happiest hours. He is, moreover, one of the greatest statesmen that ever presided over the Church. Shorn of all temporal power, possessing no army or navy, he has nevertheless proved by his diplomatic ability to have been more than a match for Bismarck, even in the palmiest days of the latter's supremacy. Thanks to the tact and masterly zeal of Leo, the Catholic church in Germany is no longer persecuted by the state. Thanks to his broad and liberal policy the Catholics of France have in large numbers rallied to the Republic, and given up their absurd allegiance to the myth of an effete royalty. Though, of course, in his spiritual capacity Leo XIII. is infallible, yet in his administrative and political action he is not necessarily always so. The only mistake which he has made as a diplomatist was his despatch of Monsignor Persico to Ireland some years ago—a step he took at the instigation of the English Catholic colony then resident in Rome. No one spot, however, can blur the brilliancy of the sun. Leo XIII. by his intellectual gifts, his adroit administration of affairs, and the general liberality and modernism of his ideas has earned for himself the admiration of all humanity irrespective of class and creed. Wherefore it is that THE CITIZEN wishes him many years still in the occupancy of the chair which he so worthily fills.

AN UNSEEMLY WRANGLE.

The parliamentary contests now taking place in the north and south divisions of the county Meath are a disgrace and a discredit to the Irish cause. The scurrility of language indulged in on both sides goes far to give some complexion to the theory that Irishmen can never enter into an exciting political campaign without losing their heads. The rival candidates and their respective supporters are making the platforms of the Royal county ring with savage denunciations of each other, the vulgarity of which is quite on a par with that employed by Biddy Moriarty in her historic tiff with Daniel O'Connell. If the Redmonites are to be believed, those of their fellow countrymen, who follow the nominal leadership of Mr. Justin McCarthy, have forfeited all right to be called Irish Nationalists—they are all merely a cowardly, craven crew of full-fledged West Britishers! If we are to place implicit trust in the infallibility of the McCarthyite stump orators the Redmonites are a treacherous gang of malefactors whose only purpose in life is to wreck the Home Rule ship, and plunge Ireland once more into the whirlpool of despair and desolation! To the calm, impartial, and reflective mind both of these contentions are of course insufferably silly and absurd; for if both sides could be by any possibility telling the truth about each other, then indeed Ireland is as bare of patriots as the Sahara desert is of blades of grass—a conclusion which is not only illogical but absolutely ridiculous. There are thousands of patriotic Irishmen in both camps whose fidelity to the national cause has been tested in the past by imprisonment and persecution, and the purity of whose motives cannot under any circumstances be doubted. Hence it is the worst kind of folly for both parties to be pouring broadsides of filthy invectives into each other's flanks—particularly at a time when the competency of Irishmen to manage their own affairs is seriously questioned by the opponents of Home Rule.

THE CITIZEN is an unswerving champion of freedom of speech. It holds that the utmost latitude should be given to each and every man in a discussion of the relative merits or demerits of any given political programme. It draws the line however at personalities, and has no sympathy with persons who in their private hatred of each other forget the proprieties of language in political debate. The foul oratory, with which the county Meath is at present deluged, is an outrage, not only on common sense, but also on the elementary principle of decorum. For God's sake, and that of your unfortunate country desist, gentlemen, from these vile, unchristian, fishwifely denunciations of each other, and discuss your political differences between yourselves without hurling at each other's heads the opprobious epithets of "West Britisher" and "traitor." Leave slang at least to the corner boys.

PRISON LIFE IN ENGLISH DUNGEONS.

For many years England has with a Pharisee-like cant and hypocrisy been playing the role of friend and champion of oppressed nationalities. She induced almost the entire continent of Europe to believe that in her professions of freedom for all she was actuated by the sincerest motives, and inspired by that generous feeling of chivalry which at one time wrung the Magna Charta from the signature of an unwilling king. Greece in her struggle against Turkish tyranny had the moral as well as the material sympathy of the English people. Kossuth, the apostle of Hungarian independence, received a royal ovation when he landed on English soil, an outlaw and a refugee, and when a price had been set on his head by the Austrian kaiser and his ministers. Garibaldi, who hunted the king of Naples out of Sicily, and who, rightly or wrongly, was regarded by millions as a true type of a patriot, a democrat, and a hero, was received with open arms in the aristocratic salons of London, where comely countesses and dainty duchesses actually knelt at his feet in order to kiss the hem of his garments! England gave ready and hospitable shelter to the political refugees of all nations. She opened her doors to the Polish exile and to the Carbonari refugee: to the Russian nihilist and to the French communist; to the Spanish republican and to the Portuguese conspirator—boasting as she did so, with lusty lungs, that the pariahs of human liberty were safe from their enemies and persecutors under the glorious palladium of the British constitution. Yet all this time she held the Irish people in chains! Her writers and publicists also took on themselves on every possible occasion the audacious responsibility of criticising foreign governments for their treatment of political prisoners. The Austrian cabinet was denounced by these scribes for keeping the doors shut on the dungeons where Hungarian patriots lay incarcerated. Mr. Gladstone uttered several stinging diatribes against the king of Naples because, forsooth, that monarch refused the privilege of a pipe and tobacco to the political prisoners who filled his jails. And yet it was this same Mr. Gladstone who, when prime minister himself, authorized and sanctioned the savage treatment to which the Fenian prisoners were subjected in various British dungeons. It was under his regime that such political "offenders" as O'Donovan Rossa and others had to lap up their food like dogs, with their hands manacled behind their backs—objects of the snarling jeers, and butts of the scurrilous jokes of English warders! Mr. Gladstone in this instance was the average Englishman incarnified. He was an humanitarian where Neapolitan and other continental political captives were concerned. He was vindictive and cruel when he had to do with Irishmen whose only crime was their devotion to the cause of their native land. If time has changed his views on the subject of Irish nationality, it has not—to all appearances at least—modified in the least degree his inhuman policy towards those unfortunate Irish hostages who are still today in the clutches of his myrmidons.

The recent release of a few of these imprisoned patriots has had the result of proving that Irish political captives in English prisons are treated even worse than the vilest criminals. The Whitechapel bully who kicks his wife to death; the Lancashire chawbacon who robs and murders a belated traveller on a lonely highway at night; the agricultural Yorkshire Hodge who has all the instincts of a brute, without possessing any single attribute of a man, are, after a certain short interval of time given certain privileges, while serving their respective terms in prison; but there are no privileges ever accorded to the men whose lives were morally pure, and whose only fault was a too desperate loyalty to the cause of their country's independence. Political prisoners though they are, they are placed by their jailers in a position inferior and more degrading than that of the vulgar assassins and wife-kickers of the London slums! And yet this vile work goes on under the regime of a government that takes such a friendly interest in the political captives of other nations.

Mr. James Egan, who obtained his freedom within the past few weeks, makes the following damning statement about the conduct of the English Prisons Board: "The present system is most brutal, and I shall always condemn it. I have some serious charges to make. I may say that on several occasions I felt in a very strange condition—so much so that I was actually afraid my health was undermined, and that if the treatment I was subjected to was not in some measure modified, it would cause my death. During the years I have been in prison there is not the slightest doubt that the treatment meted out to political prisoners has been more severe than to the ordinary prisoners." This testimony is confirmed by that of Mr. Thomas Callan, of Lowell, Mass., who, in 1888, was sentenced to fifteen years penal servitude, and who was liberated a few weeks ago. Mr. Callan states, moreover, that that the savagery indulged in at the expense of Dr. Gallagher and Mr. Whitehead—both Irish-American political prisoners—has driven both men crazy! "We have entered on another year—the ninth of our captivity," writes another Irish convict, John Daly, to Mr. Thomas O'Gorman, President of the Limerick Amnesty Association, "and the cruel winter drags as if the brake was on, and our poor bodies seem to anguish for the warmth of God's sun which used to look through the bars of my cell some time ago, sending a tiny little streak of golden light creeping down the cells in the morning to cross the floor up to the other side in the evening and away. It is a struggle to live through the cold of these terrible winter nights and days. On last Christmas day the cold was intense, the east wind was in a fury, and blew its most blood-chilling blast around our island dungeon."

These revelations should urge all Irishmen to more active and earnest endeavors in favor of a complete and a general amnesty. The bogie man, who says that such action would embarrass the government, ought to be ducked in the nearest fish-pond. Ireland owes it to these captives to struggle might and main, night and day, for their unconditional release.

COUNT FERDINAND DE LESSEPS, his son, Charles, and several other persons implicated in the Panama canal scandals, have been sentenced to penal servitude for five years, and to pay a fine of $5,000 by the French courts of justice.

THE amnesty movement in Ireland is already bearing fruit. The recent release of Messrs. Egan and Callan is an evidence of the fact that instead of embarrassing the government, popular agitation has encouraged or rather morally compelled it to enter on a career of clemency towards Irish political captives.

THAT peripatetic patriot and missionary, Dr. Fox, M.P., has returned to Ireland after his visit to this country. He reports that Irish-Americans are enthusiastically loyal to Mr. McCarthy, and have no sympathy whatsoever with the shop over the way "bossed" by Mr. Redmond. Dr. Fox is egregiously mistaken. The Irish people on this continent are not supporters of faction. They have taken no sides in this unfortunate quarrel. They simply insist on unity between both wings.

THE Chevalier O'Clery, once known as an active Irish politician, but whose life has been spent in obscurity for the past ten or fifteen years, is appearing in public once more. He is now on his way to Rome where he is to act as papal chamberlain in the vatican during the jubilee ceremonials.

THE Roman correspondent of the London *Standard* is responsible for the statement that measures have been taken at the vatican to let the English government know indirectly that the Pope is desirous of aiding Mr. Gladstone in dealing with the Irish question. Mr. Gladstone is evidently forgiven for his former anti-vatican thunderbolts.

GOLDWIN Smith is having his nose pulled by some ultra-Canadian editors who are very much shocked and angered with him for his extreme ideas on annexation. The professor is being called a traitor to the "mother country" and to its "glorious constitution," because he believes that Canada is on the road to Beggar's Bush so long as she marches under the shadow of the Union Jack. The Toronto *News* classically observes: "It is time that Goldwin Smith should be shut up short, or be expelled from the Dominion." How is this for freedom of speech under the sacrosanct constitution?

MR. JOHN O'CONNOR, ex-M.P. for one of the divisions of Tipperary, has just been called to the English bar. Before entering on his career as a lawyer Mr. O'Connor purposes coming to this city, where he will occupy a semi-official post on the committee on British exhibits at the World's Fair.

AMERICA PROTECTS HAWAII.

United States Minister Stevens Lifts "Old Glory" Over the Disputed Islands.

The Stirring and Significant News That an American Protectorate Has Been Proclaimed.

As we go to press, the stirring and significant news is announced from Washington that Minister John L. Stevens has proclaimed an American protectorate at Hawaii. Now, we hope, every resource of the republic will be used to keep it there, if necessary. There must be no more craw-fishing.

AMERICA'S OPPORTUNITY.

Reasons Why the United States Should Possess Hawaii.

Following is the article referred to in THE CITIZEN of last week, which appeared in the Kennebec *Journal* Nov. 24, from the pen of Hon. John L. Stevens, United States minister to Hawaii:

"It is an accepted truism that nations, as well as individuals, have their opportunities and duties, and that the neglect of them, through indolence or cowardice, surely brings retribution in one form or another.

"The States and Territories which outlet on the vast Western ocean will some day have a population of 150,000,000 of souls. The Pacific side of the American republic, stretching from north Alaska to South California, a coast line of 4,000 miles, without including the 1,700 miles of shore line of Puget Sound, is to have a development of agricultural, lumber, fisheries, and mineral riches, out of which will flow streams of commerce, which neither the imagination nor cold figures can well cover at the present time.

"In the front of these vast Pacific States extends the immense ocean of the Pacific. Across this vast Pacific plain must be for all time the water roads along which will move the commerce of many hundreds of millions of people. Anchored firmly between the two great oceans, America divides with Europe the commerce of the Atlantic. Europe having the advantage by numbers, position, and prestige. But on the great western ocean America can easily take the lead and hold it securely against all competitors. To do this she must improve her opportunities. Sloth and cowardice never win anything worth having. Time waits neither for individuals nor nations. Success is for those who dare.

"In this immense area of water between America and Asia are innumerable islands, so needful to the future commerce between the two great continents. The most of these islands are now possessed by England, France, and Spain, Germany but recently forcing her grasping hand into the arena.

"Owing to the patriotic fidelity of the American Missionary Board and its faithful agents, and to the watchfulness of American statesmen, from Daniel Webster to those of the present time, the Hawaiian Islands have not passed under a European flag. Greedy, grasping, and sometimes insulting as have been our rivals as to American interests in these islands, they are not yet lost to us, and their business necessities and the sympathies of their citizens are still with their American neighbors.

"It needs not the naval and military expert to tell the importance of these islands to the United States. They front our coasts. They are sufficiently near the gateways of our rapidly rising Pacific cities to feel the pulses of American enterprise and to contribute to American prosperity and power. It is to repeat the opinion of the most intelligent commercial, naval, and military men to say that the Hawaiian Islands are the key to the north Pacific. Coaling stations, feeding places, are indispensable to American commerce on great oceans. It is the veriest folly to think or to talk otherwise.

"The time is near when we must decide who shall hold these islands as a part of the national territory. It is not possible for them much longer to remain alone. Their people and the United States will soon be compelled by circumstances and events to decide whether the Hawaiian Islands will have unity, liberty, and autonomy with the United States, or become a colonial possession of a European power. What Webster, Clayton, and Marcy saw forty years ago, and Seward, Fish, and Blaine, and the administrations they represented, clearly perceived, may now well be considered by the American people.

"The entire area of the islands is about 6,000 square miles. In addition to sugar, which is now much the largest product, the soil and climate are admirably adapted to raising rice, bananas, oranges, coffee, grapes, and other crops. Well governed and properly developed they are capable of sustaining a population of 300,000 to 400,000. There are extensive ranches for raising sheep and cattle, so as to be capable of supplying steamers and other vessels both in peace and war. The two harbors of Honolulu and Pearl City, about six miles apart, are entered by narrow channels, are closely backed by mountains, so as to be made impregnably defensible at not large expense. Their ultimate possession by the United States is of the utmost importance to American commerce in the Pacific, which promises vast development if wisely cared for and without too much delay. Shall Americans sleep while others are awake to take from them these natural advantages? Time and tide wait neither for men nor nations."

OBITUARY.

MR. PETER O'HANLON.

The many friends and sympathizers of Mrs. Curley will be pained to learn that her father, Peter O'Hanlon, died in Brooklyn, N. Y., last Saturday. This is especially sad, coming so soon after the death of her mother, which occurred last summer. The particulars of the funeral will appear next week.

BRILLIANT SOCIAL AFFAIR.

Fifth Annual Ball of the Columbus Club at the Auditorium—Costumes of the Ladies—Those Who Were Present.

The fifth annual ball of the Columbus Club of Chicago was given at the Auditorium last Wednesday night, and was one of the most brilliant social events of the season now about to close in deference to the fast-approaching penitential season of Lent. Among the many charming costumes worn by the ladies, the following were noticed:

THE COSTUMES.

Mrs. John S. Cook—Garnet velvet with petticoat and sleeves of pink satin brocaded in white and gold; diamonds.

Mrs. C. A. Plamondon—White satin brocaded in primroses, with bodice of ruby velvet; diamond ornaments.

Miss Leonard—Pale blue crystal silk; American beauty roses.

Mrs. A. Plamondon—Black Lyons velvet with deep bertha of rose point; diamond ornaments.

Miss Rose Brennock—Primrose yellow satin trimmed with jeweled passementerie.

Miss Alice Cantwell, of Utica, N.Y.—White gauze over satin.

Mrs. M. W. Ryan—Blue brocade, with corsage and train of black velvet; diamonds.

Mrs. Morris Thomas—Ceil blue satin brocaded in wild roses with Venetian point lace garniture.

Miss Witherspoon—Cream crepe de chine with point lace trimmings.

Mrs. John H. Amberg—Pale pink silk striped in pompadour colors; point lace and diamonds.

Miss Clara Keeley—Rose brocaded satin, with sleeves and cape collar of golden brown velvet and old Brabant lace garniture; diamond pendant and pins.

Miss Irene Sullivan—Yellow embroidered crepe de chine combined with golden brown velvet.

Mrs. W. A. Amberg—Changeable yellow and black silk, with sleeves and vest of black velvet; diamond ornaments.

Mrs. P. J. Healey—Black satin, with full half sleeves of pink brocade and trimmings of thread lace, jet and pink ostrich feathers; diamonds.

Miss Brennock—Delicate green satin flowered in gold and trimmed with pearl fringe.

Mrs. A. W. Green—Rose heliotrope corded silk elaborately trimmed with Italian point lace; diamond pendant.

Mrs. Z. P. Brosseau—Ivory crystal bengaline, with fancy velvet girdle and sleeves and point lace garniture; diamond necklace and ornaments.

Mrs. John Cudahy—Pink brocaded satin, with black velvet corselet embroidered in gold; necklace, hair ornaments and corsage pins of diamonds.

Mrs. James A. Mulligan—Black moire bengaline, enriched with jet garniture and old Spanish lace.

Mrs. John C. Carroll—Nile green satin, with bodice brocaded with lilacs and silver and garlanded with lilacs; diamond ornaments.

Mrs. Edward O. Browne—Heliotrope crepe de chine and point lace.

THE GUESTS.

Among those present were the following, mostly accompanied by ladies:

J. H. Amberg, J. W. Amberg, T. J. Amberg, W. A. Amberg, J. P. Barrett, P. T. Barry, E. A. Beauvois, L. P. Boyle, J. Z. Boughan, M. J. Bransfield, D. F. Bremner, D. F. Bremner, Jr., John Brennock, T. Brenan, A. Brosseau, J. H. Burke, E. O. Brown, Z. Brosseau, J. M. Burns, J. P. Byrne, P. O'Neill Byrne, C. P. Caldwell, B. Callaghan, A. A. Canavan, J. C. Carroll, Thomas Casey, P. Cavanagh, R. W. Clifford, T. J. Cochrane, F. T. Colby, T. Connelly, J. S. Cooke, M. J. Corboy, J. J. Corcoran, Chas. Corkery, J. F. Cremin, J. D. Cremin, F. E. Croarkin, Jno. Cudahy, Michael Cudahy, A. Cummings, E. S. Cummings, Dennis S. Daly, J. E. Dalton, M. De Tamble, F. A. Devlin, John Devlin, Joseph Diggles, Donnersberger, A. J. Doyle, W. A. Doyle, J. W. Drant, A. Druiding, J. M. Duffy, James Dunne, J. J. Egan, W. J. English, W. R. Fitzgerald, W. C. Foley, G. F. Franchere, F. J. Gallagher, D. P. Gallagher, M. F. Gallagher, D. J. Gallery, R. C. Gannon, J. W. Garvey, John Gaynor, E. A. Kelly, T. F. Judge, P. F. Gillespie, A. J. Keefe, T. F. Keeley, A. J. Graham, D. F. Kelly, M. W. Kelly, T. E. Guerin, Thos. Kelly, T. S. Kiernan, P. D. Hayes, E. J. Kinsella, Peter Kiolbassa, A. C. Helmholz, John Gibbons, P. D. Gill, S. A. Henneberry, Wash. Hesing, J. P. Hopkins, W. J. Hynes, E. M. Keeley, J. Kelly, J. B. Keogh, J. J. Kreer, M. F. Magee, H. P. Mann, Wm. McCoy, J. L. McEnery, J. P. McGrath, John McVoy, R. W. Morrison, W. D. Munhall, J. A. Murphy, Jr., B. C. Murray, Louis E. Nolan, F. A. O'Donnell, W. E. O'Neill, C. Plamondon, R. Prendergast, W. P. Rend, J. J. Rigney, J. F. Ryan, P. F. Ryan, G. W. Smith, J. W. Sullivan, J. J. Wade, F. W. Young, F. E. Halligan, D. Gallagher, T. H. Glassbrook, A. W. Green, David Hayes, J. T. Healey, F. Henneberry, A. C. Hickey, T. D. Hurley, W. A. Lydon, C. J. Magee, J. V. McAdams, W. McDonnell, R. M. McEvoy, G. D. McLaughlin, J. F. Meagher, T. F. Mullaney, Chris. Murphy, J. B. Murphy, John Naghten, W. H. O'Brien, J. O'Malley, C. T. Picard, G. Plamondon, T. A. Quinlan, G. W. Reynolds, D. J. Riordan, T. W. Sennott, J. C. Smith, D. Swenie, T. P. Wade, C. S. Winslow, A. J. Ward, Arthur Dixon, P. H. Goodwin, John Guerin, J. J. Hayes, P. J. Healey, W. Henneberry, W. H. Hoops, J. S. Hyland, A. M. Lynch, C. A. Mair, John McCabe, A. McDougald, J. J. McGrath, J. McMahon, T. A. Moran, T. H. Mulay, D. J. Murphy, M. W. Murphy, W. P. Nelson, T. E. O'Brien, W. J. Onahan, A. Plamondon, H. J. Powers, J. M. Reddy, Patrick Rice, P. J. Rowan, P. J. Sexton, John M. Smyth, M. St. P. Thomas, Richard Walsh, E. D. Winslow, J. A. Wolford, Fred Goss.

Misses Annie Kern, A. E. Mullaney, M. Barrett, M. Rathbun, Sarah Hickey, Fitzgerald, Mamie Weldon, Nellie Dwyer, M. Leonard, Nellie T. Cahill, Clara Beck, Leona E. Stem, A. Cummings, R. Gallery, M. Caspers, Mamie Nelson, C. L. Didon, May Powell, May Barrett, Prindiville, Mamie Amberg, M. Weadley, M. Cochrane, May Reilly, Nannie Devine, Irene Sullivan, Louise Hannan, E. Donnersberg, Mollie Lyden, Mabel Adams, N. McAndrews, T. Mullaney, Cantwell, Rose Gaynor, Moran, Frances Ragor, N. Weadley, Ida Lally, Venie Williams, Catherine Wade, M. Gallery, Susie McDonnell, M. Donnersberger, Nellie Stenson, Maud B. Clifford.

The next entertainment will be given in the Chicago clubhouse on Monroe street, the Columbus club's new quarters.

GLIMPSES OF MEXICO.

Obtained From the Note Book of a Traveling Correspondent.

Stage Coach Journey From the Capital to the Interior—The Spot Where Maximilian Died—Dramatic Scene at the Execution.

A Lovely Donna, Princely Senor and Wonderful Hot Springs.

[*For The Citizen.*]

The fortunate mortals who now travel at their luxurious ease over the remotest parts of Mexico can form but little conception of what traveling meant to an American citizen visiting that country a little over a decade ago. Beyond the Mexican and Vera Cruz railway, and a few insignificant tributary systems, extending by narrow-gauge, or "tramway," to Jalapa and Celaya, there was no civilized accommodation in the way of locomotion.

Our party, consisting of Don Enrique Muller, of Chihuahua; his son, Don Federigo Muller, and myself, left the City of Mexico on Sunday morning, March 2, and stopped that evening at Cuantitlan, the village celebrated in Mexican history as the spot where the ancient Aztecs saw the spread eagle holding a snake in his bill, perched on a branch of cactus, and hailed the vision as an omen of success. It is this incident which the obverse of Mexican coins commemorates. The village itself has one long, principal street and a few short squalid looking lanes. It is absolutely unsheltered, and, except in the rainy season, is as dry, dirty and dismal a spot as can be found upon this continent.

Next morning we took the diligencia for Zacatecas, several hundred miles distant, and had for fellow passengers several pale, yellow and sickly looking Mexicans. At Tula—a pretty spot—we dined, and there observed the far-famed pillars of the Aztec temple, levelled by Cortez, lying neglected upon the ground. They were skilfully fluted, and bore a striking resemblance to those which appear in pictures of Grecian architecture. We stopped that night at the fonda of Destello, and, long before daylight, were again upon the road. Early in the afternoon we saw a pretty, white-walled puebla shining beneath us, astride a sparkling river, and embowered in evergreens. It was San Juan del Rio. After half an hour's pause for refreshments and a relay of horses, we were again upon the way, and, about an hour before sunset, beheld the domes of a considerable city, environed by hills, on our left toward the northwest. A mighty aqueduct, recalling the Roman period with its lofty arches, stretched down into it from a distant sierra, where springs are plentiful. It was Queretaro, of bloody memory, and along those hills were planted the batteries of the Mexicans, under Escobedo, which overmatched those of the Archduke, and finally compelled his surrender. I was anxious to see the place where the unhappy Maximilian met his doom, and, as we had only a few hours to remain, Mr. Muller kindly chartered a conveyance, and we were driven in a northerly direction about a mile from the town to the Cerro de las Campanas (the hill of the bells), where, on June 19, 1867, the memorable execution took place. It is a low, rugged eminence, cut up, at that time, with the remains of old defensive works, and looks down upon the streets of Queretaro and the domes of its twenty churches.

The man who drove us was a tall, thin, cruel-looking Mexican, who informed Senor Muller that he himself was one of the firing party which dispatched the quondam Emperor. The evening shadows grew deeper as we reached the memorable spot, now marked by a suitable monument, but then indicated by three rude heaps of stones; for, as in the Latin and Celtic countries of Europe, it is the custom in Mexico for the peasants to mark with "cairns" every place where a murder has been committed, or where a fatal accident occurs. The cairns were each surmounted by a rough-hewn wooden cross. Senor Muller asked the driver to explain the circumstances of the tragedy, which he did sententiously in a Spanish patois. He showed where Maximilian, Mejia and Miramon had stood—the Emperor in the center until the last moment, when, in recognition of his bravery and devotion, he gave the place of honor to Miramon, and stepped himself into the position that had been occupied by the latter. None of the three showed any fear. It was a lovely summer day, and the city shone in the whitness of marble, as above the serried bayonets of a mass of infantry, Maximilian looked down upon it. He waved off the blindfold that the Mexican officer insisted on, so that the aim of the troops might not be disconcerted by the eyes of the victims. Maximilian held a white handkerchief in his hand, and the platoon was to fire when he dropped it. They did not have long to wait. The driver caught up his whipstock, gun fashion, and indicated the movements. "Viva Mexico!" cried Maximilian. "Viva Mexico!" echoed Mejia and Miramon. The handkerchief dropped, the volley rang out. Still in death the Mexican generals lay, but Maximilian, with a fearful shriek, clasped his hands upon his heart and half raised himself from the ground in mortal agony. Even the most callous among the soldiery were horrified. All lost their presence of mind, except the sergeant of the firing party, who cooly reloaded his musket, stepped up to the convulsed Emperor and fired a bullet right into his brain. Thus ended the career of Maximilian. The seven muskets that let out his life may still be seen by visitors in the armory of the Natinonal Museum at the capital. The five fusils that shot the other Mexican emperor, Iturbide, in 1824, hang beside them. They are not a pleasant sight for pretenders to the vacant Mexican throne to look upon.

Again the starting hour was 2 o'clock in the morning. The stars were brilliant as we tumbled into the diligencia, and, to the flare of torches, which shed their light on the glittering helmets of a squad of dragoons—our escort, for those were the violent days of the ladrones or highway robbers—we bade a long farewell to historic Queretaro.

Next rose before us the lofty spires, glaring in their red tiling, of Celaya, whose markets are famous throughout Mexico. Salamanca—a typical Mexican pueblita—furnished us with an execrable dinner of *carne cum chili*, washed down with stale pulque. Venus, the glorious evening star, which in that year shone with a peculiar radiance, made beautiful the western horizon as we trundled into the rocky, winding and narrow streets of the far-famed mining town of Guanajuato, where I first saw, I think, an enamored swain in a great sombrero and a voluminous serape, making love to his Dulcinea from the sidewalk, while she looked calmly out upon the firmament from a barred window of a second story. He was the proud possessor of an antiquated guitar on which he accompanied himself while he sang, if he did not make, sonnets to his mistress' eyebrow. Senor Muller, by subsequent inquiry, discovered that the musical swain was only in the second year of his love making, and would have to wait another before he could be permitted to see his sweetheart, who was "above him" in social, as well as physical, station, alone.

Once more at 2 o'clock a. m. we turned out of our not over clean beds at the fonda, and, again accompanied by dragoons and torches, set out for Silao, a picturesque town, where we "nooned"—an invariable custom in ante-railroad Mexico, at least. The shades of evening found us at Leon, which was then, and I believe is now, the second largest city in Mexico. It has since been partially destroyed by an induntation. American enterprise had already invaded it, for there I found the first electric light, introduced into the land of the Aztecs, successfully operated in a large serape factory. Leon is a painfully ugly city, in the midst of a most fertile valley, which is perforated by thousands of wells, having small derricks over them, which recall the Pennsylvania oil fields. Countless peons—wage slaves—were employed in irrigating the different growing crops with the water, laboriously obtained from the wells, at the princely remuneration of 12½ cents per diem.

In the neighborhood of Leon is the mammoth hacienda (farm or plantation) of Jalpa, which was then owned by Sr. Don. Manuel de Canovas—a rich Castilian, educated at Georgetown college, Maryland, and possessed of a beautiful young wife and a good stock of English. He sent an invitation to the Mullers and myself to visit him, so we skipped one coach, taking transfers, and accepted his hospitality. We rode to the hacienda in an ambulance, and found a large substantial casa, built in Spanish style, with a square inner court, massive outbuildings, and surrounded by a high, thick, castellated, loop-holed walled, like a veritable fortress. This formidable barrier enclosed several acres, and reminded me of a great Norman castle, of the feudal period, such as those seen in Great Britain and Ireland, but in a thorough state of repair. Don Manuel, attended by several healthy looking, tawny mastiffs, met us at the gateway and bade us a hearty welcome. He was a tall, rather handsome, but delicate looking person, dressed in the Mexican costume, with iron-gray hair, and a semi-military bearing. He spoke English exactly like an educated American, and, owing to his simple costume and manners, the visitor would never recognize in him one of the proudest and most powerful representatives of the old Mexican aristocracy, whose sway extended over a vast stretch of territory, and who could summon to the defense of his stronghold 2,500 fully armed men, his slaves or peons. Jalpa had been frequently attempted by opposing Mexican forces, but in all cases its formidable posture of defense overawed them, and they preferred to compromise. The French—a detachment only of Bazaine's army—gave it a call in 1863 and met a decidedly warm reception. They did not repeat the experiment.

"Dinner is ready and we will meet the ladies," said Don Manuel as we approached the casa. We were soon ushered into the dining-hall, where we were received with cordial dignity by Madame Canovas and her companion, who was as old and as plain as the lady of the castle was young and pretty. As my knowledge of Spanish was decidedly embryonic, I did not participate in or enjoy the conversation, which was lively enough. The viands and wines were excellent. So were the black coffee and cigarettes which followed. An immense rose garden, filled also with tropical plants, was situated near the casa, and, in this fragrant cage, abounding in grottoes and summer houses, Senora Canovas spent most of her days. Monotonous days they must have been—enough so to drive an American woman to desperation—but, outwardly at least, the lady seemed perfectly contented.

Don Manuel was so much of an invalid that he could no longer ride in saddle, but he sent an overseer with us the day after our arrival to show us over the hacienda on horseback. From the top of a watch-tower in the centre of the plantation, we beheld 80,000 acres of wheat spread like a great green sea around us—the immense area divided only by irrigating ditches, which were fed from a vast reservoir, formed by a small mountain stream—the Rio Jalpa. I think it was named—and a mighty dam, which cost a quarter of a million dollars, in Mexican money, when it was constructed, which was during the childhood of Don Manuel. Its predecessor had given way, in 1842, and some 300 people, living in the narrow valley formed by the river in the days of its youth and fullness, perished in the inundation.

The succeeding day of our visit was Sunday, and Senor Canovas' retainers celebrated it by gathering in from the surrounding country and holding a fair, at which all kinds of domestic articles were exhibited for barter and sale. It was an unique spectacle, and struck me as being decidedly patriarchal. I told Don Manuel, laughingly, that his whole "outfit" and surroundings reminded me of Bulwer's "Last of the Barons." He said he was not familiar with the novel, as his wife did not read English and there were no Spanish translations; but that he would order a set of Bulwer from New York at once.

On Monday, we made our adieux t our princely entertainers and returned to Leon, whence we took the diligencia for Lagos. It was a long, dry and dusty ride, through a hot and ugly country, which seemed to fester in the blistering sun rays. As we approached Lagos—within three or four miles—we noticed a queer looking procession on the road immediately in our front. We soon came up with it, and discovered it to be a column of wretched looking peons, tied by the arms two and two, guarded by a detachment of regular Mexican troops, commanded by an amazingly immature lieutenant. I asked Senor Muller if they were convicts.

"No," said he quietly, but with a sly German twinkle in his keen blue eyes, "they are only volunteers!"

"The d—l!" was my very natural comment, "and where are they bound for pray?"

Senor Muller asked the officer and he replied importantly and in Spanish—"To fight the Indian rebels at Tepic!"

I subsequently learned that this detachment, with others, was cut to pieces to the last man, including the pompous little lieutenant, in a vain attempt to storm the stronghold of the revolted savages.

At Lagos, the main national highroad sends a branch westward to Guadalajara and eastward to San Luis Potosi; and, in those days, the coach from Aguas Calientes to the north, used to pick up the Guadalajara passengers and take them south toward the City of Mexico. In the twilight, Senor Muller and I went down to the coach office. It was a delightfully soft, moonlit evening. The Guadalajara coach had already arrived, but that from the north was somewhat late. We observed, walking up and down the platform, with a tall, comely cavalier who, from a strong family resemblance, appeared to be her brother, the very loveliest girl that I, at least, had seen in Mexico, up to that time. She was, perhaps, two inches over the ordinary female height, and had a form the exquisite proportions of which the Venus of Milo might envy. A black Spanish hat, looped up on one side and trimmed with snowy ostrich feathers, gave to her beautiful face—

"That tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies."

This charming creature was evidently a pure Castilian—such a stately, yet winning, beauty as might have graced the court of Ferdinand and Isabella. I thought of Byron, his "Girl of Cadiz" and "Maid of Saragossa." Here was the very type of his heroines.

"The Spanish girl who meets your love
Ne'er taunts you with a mock denial:
Her every act is bent to prove
Her passion in the hour of trial:
When thronging foemen menace Spain
She dares the deed and shares the danger,
And if her lover press the plain
She hurls the spear, her love's avenger!"

In the midst of my rhapsodic mood, the coach for Mexico drove up. Out of it sprang a stately, good looking man, with a Roman nose and military whiskers. He was an American, Dr. F——, and was saluted by Senor Muller. He rushed at once to where the brother and sister, for such they were, were promenading, and called them by name in most cordial fashion. The Doctor, I learned afterward, had intended to stop off at Lagos, but his accidental meeting with the enchanting Donna—who belonged to one of the first families of Guadalajara—and her fraternal escort, decided him to proceed. Within a few minutes, the horses were changed, the lady was handed into the coach, the two gentlemen followed. There was a cracking of whips and a chorus of "adios senores!" That was the last I ever saw of the fair Mexicana, and I have never heard how Dr. F—— progressed in his suit, for if he wasn't a man deeply in love, I am no judge of human nature.

Wednesday—a blazing hot day—found us, after a comparatively short journey, at Aguas Calientes, the Hot Springs of Mexico, as the name signifies. The fonda was a miserable, dirty place, filled with mice, flies and all manner of nastiness. Senor Muller, Sr., was fatigued, and proceeded to take a siesta, while Senor Don Federigo and myself hired a rattletrap rig, drawn by a rickety horse, and proceeded to the springs, which are situated about two miles south of the battered, ugly-looking town. A good roadway, shaded by gigantic cotton-wood trees, runs to the baths. On both sides of it are open ditches, which drain the superfluous waters from the springs, and are generally about hot enough to boil an average white person. These ditches were filled through nearly their whole course by men, women and children, nearly all in a state of nudity and painfully dirty to look upon. They manifested no embarrassment as we passed by, but soused around in the water, like so many porpoises having a good time.

Don Federigo and myself indulged in a very hot bath at the springs, which were fairly well appointed and bore evidences of former splendor, in the days of Spanish rule. I did not like to think about my bath when informed in town subsequently that the springs were mostly frequented by persons afflicted with incurable blood and skin diseases. Every time afterward that an eruption appeared upon me during that journey, I thought of the seven years itch and leprosy. Aguas Calientes was then, and is still, I believe, one of the most slovenly towns in the Mexican republic. I wish not to affect delicate stomachs, but the truth of history compels me to declare that the same evening, at the public fountain. I say a family of Mexicans—mainly of Indian blood—sitting or lying down, steps of stairs fashion, on the ground, each member depopulating the head of the other, and cracking the noisome game in their teeth! I hope the contact of American civilization has since remedied that disgraceful state of affairs. The sight so disgusted me that I could eat no supper that night. J.F.F.

18 Pounds of Blood

Is about the quantity nature allows to an adult person. It is of the utmost importance that the blood should be kept as pure as possible. Hood's Sarsaparilla has proven its claim to be the best blood purifier.

IMPORTANT.

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J. S. HYLAND & CO.,
323-325 Dearborn, street, Chicago, Ill.

WASHINGTON HESING.

Career of the Athletic and Intellectual Gentleman Who Is a Prominent Candidate for the Office of Mayor on the Democratic Ticket.

Born in America, He Has Been Thoroughly Educated in This Country and in Europe—A Journalist and Man of the World.

The events of the last three or four weeks have brought Washington Hesing to the front as a formidable candidate for Mayor on the Democratic side, says the Chicago *Tribune*. His chances for a nomination are now as good as those of Carter H. Harrison. His friends say they are better. He is working with untiring energy to command success. As a leading candidate he will occupy a large share in public attention, and the following sketch of him may not be without interest:

Although not born in Chicago, Washington Hesing is a thorough Chicagoan. He was born in Cincinnati May 14, 1849, and came here with his parents when he was five years of age. Here he received his education and as a young man entered public life. For the last twenty-two years he has been associated in all movements tending to the promotion of Chicago's growth, and has always, when opportunity presented itself, interested himself in public affairs.

His father, A. C. Hesing, came from Germany in 1839 and settled in Cincinnati. In the year 1854 the family came to Chicago. Young Hesing attended the Kinzie School between 1858 and 1861. Then he went to Germany with his mother to attend school in that country, and upon his return entered the University of St. Mary's of the Lake. Subsequently he attended the Chicago University, prepared for college under Dr. Quackenboss, and in 1866 entered Yale College, from which he graduated in 1870 as B. A. Three years afterwards he took his degree as Master of Arts.

Immediately after his graduation he went to Europe and attended lectures at Berlin and Heidelberg, and there received a sound education in political economy, science of government, history, and literature. He was in Europe during the entire period of the Franco-Prussian War. He had intended to take the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy at the University of Heidelberg, but the great fire of 1871 called him home and compelled him to enter on the serious work of life. In November, 1871, he became associated with the *Illinois Staats Zeitung*, which had lost everything by the great disaster, and began at the bottom round of the ladder. The financial crisis of 1873 was to him, as to many others, disastrous. It was not until April, 1880, that the full effects of this financial crisis had disappeared, and Washington Hesing became the managing editor and the controlling spirit of the *Staats Zeitung*, the most important and prosperous German newspaper west of New York.

In 1872 Mr. Hesing entered public life, having been appointed a member of the City Board of Education by the then Mayor, the Hon. Joseph Medill, who offered him a reappointment in 1873. Owing to press of business, however, Mr. Hesing declined. In August 1880, he was elected a member of the County Board of Education, and two years thereafter was honored with its Presidency.

His first experience on the stump was in 1872, when, not 23 years of age, he took an active part in the Grant campaign, making speeches in the English and German languages for the Republican party. In 1873 he was active in the movement which resulted in the success of the People's party. In 1874 he was tendered the nomination to Congress, but declined and subsequently conducted the campaign for Carter H. Harrison for Congress.

The *Staats-Zeitung* in the meantime having become an independent newspaper, Mr. Hesing retired from active politics and it was not until the school question in 1890 that he entered the campaign and again interested himself in public life. His intimate knowledge of city affairs and of the needs of Chicago prompted Mayor Cregier to appoint him on a commission which was to devise ways and means for the bettering of the condition of the city during the World's Fair. Mayor Washburne also made him a member of what was known as the Intramural Commission, whose duty it was to consider the city's inadequate transportation facilities and recommend some remedy. The report of that commission, which elicited much comment, was written by Mr. Hesing.

In the last campaign Mr. Hesing took no small part, and leading Democrats say that to him and the *Staats-Zeitung*, more than to anything else, is due the Democratic victory in this city, county, and State. He was telegraphed for by Grover Cleveland in August last, went to Gray Gables and subsequently to New York, and there made the prophesy that if certain things were done by the managers of the Democratic party the States of Illinois and Wisconsin could be carried for Mr. Cleveland; and that he could be elected without New York.

Mr. Hesing in 1873 was President of the Union Catholic Library Association of this city, and he is today a member of the German Press club, of the English Press club, of the Iroquois club, the Washington Park club, of the Sheridan club, of the Athletic, and of the Columbus club. Mr. Hesing is what one might call an all around man, and whether you see him in the club or on the road behind his team of trotters, for his figure has been for many years well known upon the roads of this city, or whether you see him in his office or in his private life, or in the heat of a political campaign, he is always the same affable, genial, and good-natured Wash.

Having lived here practically all his life, and associated with so many different elements of our cosmopolitan population, he has become a familiar appearance upon the streets and no one is better known than he. Only the other day in Springfield at Gov. Altgeld's inauguration Mr. Hesing received the best evidence of his popularity and the highest praise of his influence by the fact that the politicians from all over the State honored him and expressed their gratitude for the good services he had rendered in the last campaign.

Mr. Hesing is a thoroughly cultured and a polished man, fully acquainted with the needs and wants of the municipality, a man who always has the courage of his convictions, aggressive, self-reliant, and a man of the world who has spent many years in traveling in Europe, during which time he has made a study of municipal governments. Young, active, and vigorous, speaking three languages, he appears to be a likely Democratic candidate for the Mayority during the World's Fair.

THE ANCIENT ORDER.

A Very Enjoyable Reception Given by Division No. 17.

On Thursday evening of last week Division No. 17, A. O. H., held an inaugural reception in their new hall, corner of Wentworth avenue and Thirty-first street, recently built by Mr. Peter Leddy, a member of the division. The hall presented a brilliant appearance with its new and costly furniture, carpeting, and numerous gas-jets. There was a large and enthusiastic gathering of Hibernians present. The Rev. M. Burns, of Hammond, Ind.; Rev. J. J. Green, of St. Rose of Lima's, and Rev. M. O'Sullivan, of the Church of the Nativity, honored the meeting by their presence, and delivered some magnificent addresses, which were warmly received and loudly applauded. Indeed it would be difficult to tell which of the reverend gentlemen carried off the honors of the evening, each having delivered himself in his own particular and forcible style. Maj. Wm. C. McClure made a spirited speech in his happiest manner, and carried his audience with him. Mr. John T. Keating and Mr. M. H. Hoey also made some forcible speeches. Mr. W. A. Cunnea acted as chairman, and the audience was treated to some excellent selections of music and song. Harry P. Fleming distinguished himself in his rendering of some humorous songs, which elicited laughter and applause from the audience. Div. 17 mustered in strong force, among them being Bros. Martin Mulcahey, Pres.; L. Henely, vice-president and state delegate; P. B. Flanagan, county delegate; William Houlihan, Thomas Finnegan, Peter Leddy, F. J. Conroy, Con. Houlihan, Michael Finnegan, Michael Madden, P. J. O'Brien, and Patrick Finnegan. The other divisions of the order represented were Div. 1, Edward Quinn; Div. 4, Daniel Collins; Div. 6, Harry P. Fleming and M. D. O'Brien; Div. 7, William Sullivan and M. Barrett; Div. 9, P. O'Sullivan and P. Dever; Div. 11, M. E. Lynch, county treasurer, and Daniel Kirby, county financial secretary; Div. 19, James Thomas and Jeremiah Herbert; Div. 35, Thomas Doyle and James Gannon; Div. 36, John T. Keating and W. A. Cunnea; Div. 37, M. H. Hoey.

Preliminary to the reception the division held its regular monthly meeting, at which that true and tried patriot, Maj. W. C. McClure, was initiated a member of the grand old order of Hibernians. Among the happiest of the assembled Gaels was that time-honored patriot, Peter Leddy, whose ambition was gratified in seeing such a gathering of exiles in the magnificent hall he has erected, through his frugality and industry. He fought and suffered in his youth and manhood for the sacred cause of Ireland's liberty, and his heart is still true to the undying principles of Emmet, Tone, and Mitchel. After a most enjoyable social evening the assembled guests departed at a late hour. This reception will long be remembered in Hibernian circles, and Division No. 17 is to be congratulated on the success achieved by its action. Especial praise is also due to the courteous county secretary, Frank J. Conway, whose active exertions resulted in such a splendid gathering.

With pure, vigorous blood coursing through the veins and animating every fibre of the body, cold weather is not only endurable but pleasant and agreeable. No other blood medicine is so certain in its results as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. What it does for others it will do for you.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

What a Saving of Ten Cents a Day Will Do.

American enterprise has placed this possibility before you. The greatest educational work that the brains of Great Britain and America have produced; a complete and perfect library, in itself an education—the great REVISED ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA. This you can make your own for the outlay of that paltry ten cents a day which you did not know what to do with. It is the most compact Magazine of universal knowledge extant. It contains everything worth knowing, made as attractive and interesting and clear as ingenuity can make it. As a home library for self education, it is the best school in the world and takes up the least room. It is a friend to the whole family as well as yourself and never withholds its gifts at any time. It is yours for ten cents a day and you will only have to save the ten cents a day for 90 days to secure this great library. We do not ask you to pay us at once, for we send the entire 20 volumes with charges prepaid, on receipt of only one dollar, and you can remit the ten cents a day each month for a period of 90 days. We send you a dime savings bank with each set of books, wherein you can deposit the dime each day.

The class meets every Sunday at 2 p.m. in City Clerk VanCleve's office, City Hall. MAURICE O'CREAN, Secy.

A SUCCESSFUL INSURANCE COMPANY.

The American Casualty Insurance & Security Company, represented in Chicago and the Western States by James W. Nye, in the Temple Building, corner of Monroe and LaSalle streets, has just published its annual statement, showing increase in its assets, during the year 1892, of $400,000. It increased its number of policy-holders over 6,000 during the past year. The American Casualty Insurance & Security Company had premiums in force December 31, 1891, $1,650,763.53; premiums in force December 31, 1892, $2,357,374.80, an increase in the year's business of $706,611.27. There is no other Accident Company in the United States doing so large a business, having so large an amount of assets or that pays its losses so promptly.

The First Law of Nature

This self-preservation is acknowledged to be, and people who adopt against the encroaches of disease a genuine medicinal safeguard, accredited by experience and the sanction of physicians, afford a happy illustration of the wisdom of the saying, in the health they restore and continue to enjoy. Among maladies, against the growth of which Hostetter's Stomach Bitters affords efficient protection, diseases of the kidneys and bladder are fraught with the utmost peril and exhibit great obstinacy when opposed by ordinary means. The Bitters can and will subdue them. No testimony is stronger than this. Used at the outset and persistently, the best results may be expected. This medicine also eradicates liver complaint, constipation, dyspepsia, malaria, rheumatism and nervousness.

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At low prices, near Stuart, in southwestern Iowa. Large Irish Catholic population, and resident priest, Rev. Father Foley. Stuart is forty miles west of Des Moines, on the C., R. I. & P. R. R., and has a population of about 3,000 people. We have also a railroad division station, round-house and machine shops; employing nearly 400 men. Good mechanics can generally find steady employment at fair wages. We would like to have more of our people come here. Improved farms sell at from $20 to $35 per acre. For information call on or address

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People with hair that is continually falling out, or those that are bald, can stop the falling, and get a good growth of hair by using Hall's Hair Renewer.

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REFUSAL.

Clarinda's shy.
She's mute, the rogue, and says me nay
Whate'er I ask.
Yet all I need is but to touch
The velvet of her hand, to hear
The rosebud call me Shepherd, dear—
Clarinda's shy.

Clarinda's shy.
The rosebud pouts and bids me hence
Whate'er I ask.
Yet all I need is but to hold,
For she has never been embraced,
The living circle of her waist—
Clarinda's shy.

Clarinda's shy.
Her pinky ears, those lovely shells,
Whene'er I speak
She floods apace with rain of gold.
Yet all I ask is only this,
To melt upon her srow a kiss—
Clarinda's shy.

—Norman Gale.

SAVED BY LIGHTNING

The effect of the electrical phenomenon on the nerves of finely strung individuals is not unlike that communicated by a sudden and severe fright when the controlling power of the brain seems entirely cut off from action. In persons of stronger nerves the effect is not so great unless at some former period the nervous system has been severely shocked, and even stunned, by the force of an electric current.

No person has had more frequent demonstration of this fact than myself.

I am strong and robust by nature and would scorn the idea of being nervous. I have several times been placed in peculiarly dangerous positions, where considerable nerve and pluck were required for the right performance of my duty, and on all such occasions I have acquitted myself to the satisfaction of all my friends. But brave and strong as I am in the face of most dangers, I am weak and helpless in a heavy thunderstorm.

Since a certain memorable night in 1883 I have been absurdly susceptible to the influence of electricity in any form, and it is an easy matter for me to predict a rising storm long before it has come up by the condition of the atmosphere and the effect it has upon my nerves.

I was telegraph operator at a small way station on a northern railway. My duties consisted in signaling the trains that passed by my door, selling tickets and acting as telegraph operator.

These combined duties kept me busy, and as there was scarcely a house within two miles of the station the quietness of the place would have been unbearable had I been at leisure to notice it. But when my work was finished, late in the afternoon, I always found a short time to devote to reading before the evening express came in, and this was soon looked forward to with genuine delight by me as a relief from my other duties.

The express was not always up to time, and I frequently found myself waiting until 8 o'clock before she arrived, reading, walking and otherwise passing the time as pleasantly as possible.

I was engaged in the former occupation rather earlier than usual one warm, sultry afternoon in August.

The weather had been so excessively hot that I had been compelled to lay aside all superfluous garments and to do my work in my shirt sleeves. It was just such a day as always closes with a heavy thunderstorm.

About 5 o'clock the atmosphere began to change. A few clouds appeared upon the western horizon, and the sounds of distant thunder could be faintly heard.

A gentle breeze swayed the pines and rustled the green leaves of the tall oaks. I thought at the time that it had a mournful, ominous sound, and as the distant cry of a loon fell upon my ear an unaccountable shiver ran through me.

I laughed at my own fears and arose from my feet to dispel all gloomy forebodings, and began to lock up things around the freighthouse before the storm was upon me. When this was finished, I returned to my seat and watched the clouds scud across the now dark heavens.

In a little while the rain began to descend in torrents, pattering upon the tin roof of the station house like leaden bullets. The thunder pealed out with heavy reverberations, and the lightning was fairly blinding.

I closed up my instrument in the office and did not approach it again until the storm had passed. To have tampered with it in such tempest would have been folly. The lightning, as it was, played with the wire and the keys in an unpleasant manner and made me move farther away from it.

For half an hour the storm continued with unabated fury, and all along the track little rivers of rainwater were surging and rushing. The afternoon had grown suddenly dark, and it was impossible to discern an object twenty yards off. The usual time for the arrival of the evening express had passed, and still no indication of her coming had been received. This did not seem strange to me, as there was some danger of the track being washed out at different crossings, and it was probable that some delay would be caused.

I felt the lonesomeness of my position extremely that night. When I glanced out of the window into the murky darkness and heard the fitful rush of the wind through the pines and tremble at the heavy crash of the thunder, I was forced to admit that I did not enjoy the situation.

Twice I went out on the platform to see if I could hear anything of the coming train, but on each occasion I was met with such a blast of wind and rain that I was only too glad to seek the shelter of the house again.

When the small office clock struck 9, I could stand it no longer, but donning my cloth cap and coat I opened the door to sally forth again. As I did so the shrill shriek of a woman greeted my astonished ears.

At first I concluded that it was the work of the wind, but a second time the cry rose above the storm, clear and distinct. There was no mistaking the sound. It was the cry of a woman in distress, and came out of the storm not far distant.

I started along the platform with an answering shout and had not gone far before I encountered a woman staggering along the track.

"What's the matter?" I inquired in as loud a voice as I could command.

"For heaven's sake, come quick!" she shrieked wildly. "Come quick! The train has run off the line! All are lost—my husband—my child—dead—dead!"

The horrible situation flashed over my bewildered senses in a moment. Just around the curve was a deep crossing, and the rain must have washed down the embankment in time to wreck the evening express. This woman was the only one saved, and she had managed to crawl up to the station for assistance.

I helped the woman up on to the platform, and told her to hurry into the station house and wait until my return. Then, with lantern in hand, I started on a run toward the scene of the disaster. It was barely a quarter of a mile to the crossing, but it seemed ages to me before I reached it.

All was quiet; not a moan nor shriek of any kind could be heard. The storm still raged around. I looked down the embankment, expecting to see a heap of broken, twisted iron mixed up with the dead and dying passengers.

I then examined the crossing and found the line in good condition. A small slip had been caused by a large current of water, but everything—so far as I could see—was in perfect order.

What could it all mean? And in an agony of fear and dread I stood still and thought. In my excitement I had not asked the woman where the accident had happened, but took it for granted that it was at the crossing.

It might be half a mile farther on, or it might be a mile or more, I reasoned. But, at all events, it would be better to return to the station and get the right place from the woman's own lips. So I turned my face in the direction of the station once more and began running with all my strength.

As I hurried along I glanced occasionally at the line to see if it was in good condition. When I reached the new switch, which was used for siding trains, I suddenly stopped. The switch was turned. I could not believe it possible that I had been so careless as to leave it in such a condition. If the express should come along when it was turned, nothing could save her from being dashed down a steep embankment.

While I was still wondering at the strange condition of things I heard the long, shrill shriek of the belated and, as I supposed, wrecked express. The next moment the headlight of the engine rushed in sight around the curve and made a long path of light along the line.

There was evidently no accident, but there would be one in a few moments if the brake was not turned back.

This could be done in one way only—by reaching the station before the train reached the switch, and turning the heavy lever that connected the two. Could I do it? I started for the station on a dead run.

I do not know how I reached it. I was dimly conscious of running blindly through the darkness, stumbling against the rails, and finally leaping upon the platform, seizing the iron lever desperately in both hands.

I heard the heavy bolts fly into their sockets, and then, before I could "key" it, the heavy wheels rumbled over the switch. It seemed for a moment that the heavy pressure would jerk the lever out of my hands, but I clung to it tenaciously, and finally the last wheel rumbled over the fatal place.

The evening express did not usually stop at the station, but merely slowed up to see if there were any passengers. But before I could recover from my excitement the long line of black carriages were brought to a standstill and the guard was hurrying toward me.

"Jim," he said, "take this package and lock it up securely in the safe until called for. Be very careful of it, for it is something valuable. I will explain later."

Then, without waiting for a reply, he shoved a small, heavy parcel into my hands, blew his whistle and leaped upon the train.

The next moment the long line of carriages was swiftly flying southward, and I was once more alone.

By this time I felt so thoroughly exhausted by the excitement and strain upon my nerves that I reeled into the station like a drunken man.

I dropped into a chair, completely bewildered. The parcel lay before me, but I took no notice of it, my thoughts being busy with the strange events of the evening.

There were no signs of the woman who had started me off to find the wrecked train. In fact, I felt too tired to search for her. She had sent me on a wild goose chase and came near causing the death of many people, and to my mind she seemed to deserve punishment little short of death.

The storm was still raging without. The thunder shook the station to its foundation, and the wind helped to make it seem like a cradle rocked with invisible hands.

I remained seated in my chair, staring blankly at the wall for probably 10 minutes. A thousand thoughts and conjectures flashed through my brain during that time, and then, as I involuntarily turned my head, I started back with a nervous jump. In the doorway stood the woman who had told me about the accident.

"Good heavens!" I cried, "what is the meaning of this?"

She smiled, displaying her white teeth.

"The meaning of what?" she asked in the quietest manner possible.

I jumped from my chair.

"Of what?" I shouted. "Of telling me that the express had jumped the track—that your husband and child were dead. That's what, madam."

She laughed softly.

"That was a ruse to get you to leave the station," she replied. "You are such a home body that I couldn't get you to go out in the storm unless I resorted to a trick. But you came near defeating my purpose, after all. You turned that switch back in its proper place just in the nick of time."

"Yes, and you turned it wrong in the first place, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did."

"You she fiend!" I cried as I gazed on her in utter abhorrence.

"Don't call me hard names. It makes me think that you don't appreciate my company, and I'm so sensitive!"

"Do you know what would have happened if I had not turned that switch into its proper position?"

Another light laugh.

"Oh, yes, I know," said she.

"I don't think you do."

"You want to draw me out, I see, Man, if you hadn't righted that switch a dozen or more mortals would have been hurled into eternity, and you would be tried for murder. I had no grudge against you and should have preferred to have the train wrecked near the crossing, but as that couldn't be I thought I'd throw her off near the switch. But you saved her and came near balking my plans. That stupid guard, who imagines himself so clever, arranged everything so nicely that he will be surprised tomorrow when you tell him the whole story."

"Are you crazy?" I asked.

"No, my dear. I never was saner than I am at this moment!"

"Pray what are you driving at then, I'd like to know?"

"I will enlighten you. You see that little parcel on the table, which your friend the guard let you keep for him?"

I laid my hand on the parcel and gave her a sinister look.

"Well, what of it?" I asked.

"It contains a sum of money anywhere between £5,000 and £10,000."

"Indeed?" I said contemptuously.

"Yes. It was to be sent to Edinburgh today, and as two or three of us got wind of the affair we concluded to stop it. By some strange mistake on our part the guard heard of our little plan at the other end of the road, and so to balk us he left it here with you. At the same time I concluded to play a double game and get the whole treasure for myself. For that purpose I called you out and turned the switch in order to wreck the train and so get hold of the money. You interfered and saved the train, but not the parcel. It is now in your hands, and I will ask you to hand it over without demur."

She made one step toward the desk, but I leaped toward it and grasped the parcel in both hands.

"Never!" I shouted. "This goes into the safe, and I warn you to get out before I pitch you out."

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" she laughed derisively; "what pluck! I didn't think you would make such a fight over mere money. But this will bring you to your senses."

Throwing back the cloak which enveloped her small form, she stood before me a wiry looking man, with piercing dark eyes. In the right hand a jeweled pistol glistened in the lamp light, and the hand that held it was as cool and steady as possible. I glanced into the small barrel of the pretty plaything and shuddered.

"You needn't be frightened," continued my strange visitor in the same easy tones. "I don't care to commit murder if I can help it, but don't drive me to desperation."

At this I recovered my self possession and began to think of a way to get near enough to grapple with this desperate villain. In such an encounter I knew I could easily handle him. A sudden, heavy blast of wind, followed by a blinding flash of lightning, fairly stunned us for a moment.

"That was a terrible flash," I said, noticing that my companion slightly paled. "You are not afraid of thunder, are you?"

He recovered himself in a moment.

"Afraid? No, you idiot!" he replied. "But give me that money, or I'll send a bullet through your head."

"One moment!" I cried.

"Not a"——

The sentence was never finished. There was a peal of thunder that seemed to rend the heavens in twain, and then a brilliant streak of fire flashed between us. I felt the building tremble, heard a confused murmur of strange noises—and then a blank.

When I awoke to consciousness, daylight was just breaking in the east. The sky was clear as on a summer morning, and the fields and woods were vocal with the songs of birds. But in my office everything was changed. At my feet lay the stranger of the previous night, with a little dark spot near his left temple. The heavy timbers of the station were burned and cracked, and my papers were scattered all about. The work of the thunderbolt had been effective, but on the table lay the money untouched.

When the guard came, I handed him the property. The stranger was identified as a notorious thief, and I was duly rewarded by the company for my work in saving the money. But since that terrible shock a thunderstorm has been to me the most undesirable thing on the face of this earth.—True Flag.

Handshaking In the Morning.

Speaking of "little things that sweeten life," the English have a pretty custom in the matter of handshaking. One hears a good deal from time to time about shaking hands being good form, then again not being good form, and one can't help thinking what a vapid nonsense it is—quite on a par with that style of handshaking that was introduced by a boil under a fashionable arm. But, to get back to the English, in every household—middle class or aristocratic—it is the custom for every one to shake hands with every one else when they meet in the morning and when they separate at night.

The children of the house come into the breakfast room, and instead of sliding into place at the table with a mumbled "Good morning" they greet father and mother with a kiss on the cheek and a cheery "Good morning, papa," and "Good morning, mamma," and then go through the same little ceremony with brothers and sisters, giving to the guests a hand and the pleasant words.—Washington Post.

EFFECT OF A FRIGHT.

A POMPADOUR THAT CAME FROM BEING CHASED BY A BEAR.

Experience of an Adventurous Young Traveler Among the Mountains of Mariposa, Cal.—A Terrible Race Down a Mountain Side—A Rash Shot.

George F. Leidig, the proprietor of Grant's Springs hotel, Mariposa county, who arrived here a day or two ago, says that game of all kinds is very plentiful in his vicinity and a few miles away in the high mountains.

"I have known of some curious things in reference to the varied wild game of Mariposa," he said, "but I never knew of a stranger thing than happened to my son George and Stage Driver Joe Ridgeway of the Yosemite line some time since. George, you know, is engineer on the Central Pacific railroad, on the division between Wells and Carlin.

"Well, he and Ridgeway thought they would go up above Glacier point and have a look around. You know that to get to Glacier point you must climb about 3,500 feet and do it all in but little more than a couple of miles. It's a hard task, and when you get up there you look sheer down, as it were, from a balloon upon the world. Before you are spread the waterfalls of the Merced river, the snow capped cones of the Sierras and everything to make up a garden of wonders. Probably in the world there does not exist a grander sight.

"It is within the confines of the celebrated Mariposa grant, to which the dauntless explorer, Colonel John C. Fremont, once had a title, but which he finally lost after much litigation. This was for many years known as the home of large numbers of grizzlies, the most formidable to be found anywhere. Since there were so many of them, not all the hunters that have gone into that region have succeeded in wiping them out.

"When George and Joe had finally succeeded in getting to the top and they had gazed upon the panorama before them, they started to the south on a shoulder of the mountain. They had not proceeded far when there were indications of bears. Their great tracks were visible in some places along the trail, and they kept a sharp eye out for them. They thought without noticing much that they were the tracks of black bears. There were some birds, and altogether the boys were enjoying themselves.

"Just as they began to descend a winding knoll on the ridge they heard a thrashing in the bushes as of some one whaling them with a long club. The two had become separated. Ridgeway was where he could get the best view, and he suddenly caught sight of a big, grayish black object lying on a log. He knew at once that it was a grizzly, and he let fly at him.

"Whether he hit him or not was never found out, but immediately there was more thrashing and a shriek from the bear that made the tall pines ring. Then there began a journey of that bear toward George. It was rapid, for a grizzly can run like a wild buffalo, unwieldly as he looks. Ridgeway could see that he had sniffed George or caught a glimpse of him through the bushes, and he yelled to him to look out, as the grizzly was after him. Then he took to his heels himself. George had scarcely got the warning when the bear was almost upon him. He turned and flew down the mountain.

"It was a terrible race. Now it would look as though George would evade the bear, and then it would appear that there was no escaping his paws. George zigzagged over stumps, fallen trees and through bushes, the bear still after him, and finally fell down a rocky declivity, where for a time he lay half dead. The great brute had finally given up the chase, luckily for the young man he was after, and at length Ridgeway got to George and helped him to stand up.

"Now, here a strange discovery was made, to which I call your attention. You have heard of people's hair turning white in a night, as though a man had lived a lifetime in a few hours.

"When George got down to my place, his hair, which since his birth had been flat on his head, stood up like stubble, as though it was waxed and combed up. More than that—it staid so for two weeks before he could get it down to where it was formerly.

"The terrible race he had with the bear had caused it. We all took notice of it and talked about it during the whole two weeks. I suppose this may seem impossible to some, and they may not believe it, but it is entirely true. Nothing any of us could do during the fortnight would make the hair stay down.

"George is as brave as anybody, but he couldn't help knowing the awful danger he was in, and when his hair rose up the consciousness of the danger was so great and remained so long with him that it took this length of time for it to get down again. Since then he is having no use for bears, especially grizzlies, and those familiar with the dangerous race he had do not at all wonder at it."—San Francisco Examiner.

Waiting For the Modern Woman.

Mrs. Lynn Linton, who has constituted herself the judge and censor of woman, has come forth in The Nineteenth Century with a new grievance. It is woman as a housewife whom she holds up to public scorn this time. Homemade bread, says the lady, is as extinct as the dodo and home cured hams as scarce as great auks' eggs. She laments the desuetude into which brewing and winemaking have fallen, forgetting that this is scarcely a theme for poetic regret, and she utters a last despairing wail because we have no longer "the pretty girls who mused in sweet security." And all through the article she takes the unique ground (for her) that women should be the playthings of love, gracious and graceful, living to please and be pleased. No thought has Mrs. Linton for those who are compelled to go out into the world to fight, and fall or stand, as the conditions shall direct.—Chicago Tribune.

Contrary Advice as to Eating and Sleeping.

It would be an estimable boon to humanity if doctors could agree in their advice as to diet. At present the average man is in a state of pure bewilderment. Only lately an eminent physician has said that all our ailments arise from overeating and oversleeping, and that the golden rule of health is to be sparing of both. Sir James Sawyer now comes forward with almost exactly the opposite advice. In speaking of King George III's oft quoted maxim, "Six hours for a man, seven for a woman, eight for a fool," he considers that the poor old king—whose brain, by the way, certainly needed more rest than it secured—had "begun at the wrong end."

From his own experience of his own calling, Sir James Sawyer is decidedly of opinion that medical men require eight hours' sleep if they can get it, and that failing that they should hold on by "the grand rule," "go to bed when you can and get up when you must." The bedroom should be well ventilated, and the "night cap," in the liquid form, should be discarded, as alcohol prevents healthy sleep. It may produce a drowsy, stupefying effect, but not refreshing slumber.

His advice as to eating is somewhat optimistic. "If a man would only eat naturally and at the proper time and not eat too much, he might eat anything he liked."—Chicago News-Record.

How Deaf Mutes Dance.

"I never felt so lonesome in my life," said a gentleman recently, "as when I chanced to be thrown one day with a picnic party of deaf mutes. They could understand each other, laughed and carried on and had a good time generally, while I sat like a mummy, apart, looking on, but unable to participate in any of the fun.

"One thing that surprised me greatly," he continued, "was to see them indulge in dancing. I had always supposed that it was absolutely essential to hear the rhythm of the music in order to keep the time of a waltz or polka. To be sure, they had an orchestra on the dancing barge, and for a time I regarded that as peculiar, for few if any of the party could hear the strains.

"After a little thought I solved the mystery. The mutes could not hear the music, but they felt it, which was just as effectual. To be sure of the matter I spoke to the leader of the orchestra, and he assured me that my surmise was correct, and that when he was employed by the party it was expressly stipulated that he should bring his biggest bass drum and bass viols. The deep tones were more vibratory than the others, and the mutes kept excellent waltz time by feeling the vibration of the wood flooring upon which they danced."—New York Herald.

Acquiring Foreign Languages.

It is unusual for a person who goes into a foreign country after he has grown to adult years to acquire the language of that country well enough to conceal his alien origin, but there are exceptions. There is a German in New York, who has been here only six years, who speaks English without a trace of accent, although he never studied the tongue until he arrived in America. A professor of French in this city says that Englishmen and Americans betray themselves more by stress on the letter "l" when they try to talk his language than in any other way. Frenchmen are more "stumped" by the sound of th than by anything else in English.

One of them, who declared that he could pronounce anything in our tongue, was asked to say "Theophilus Thistlethwaite." He threw up his hands and exclaimed, "Ah, barbarian!" This sound is trying to the Germans likewise, and one of the early things in Puck, when that was a German paper, was a series of pictures representing a Teutonic waiter twisting his neck and cracking his teeth in the attempt to say "Thanks."—New York Sun.

What Science Has Done In Agriculture.

Not only has intensive cultivation taught us how to draw a larger return than formerly from a particular soil and a given surface, but by the selection of seeds we have doubled and tripled the formation of sugar in beet roots; by like selections, the production of the potato has been augmented, and we are seeking, with certainty of success, yet more considerable increase in the production of wheat. No less progress is reached in the production of fruits and vegetables and of cattle, to the daily amelioration of the general condition of the human race.

This advance has been promoted partly by close acquaintance with the general laws of living nature as revealed by disinterested science—laws which are the essential foundation of every application, and equally and in a way no less worthy of admiration by the efforts of inventors, those men of practical ingenuity who labor at the same time for the increase of their own fortunes and for the good and profit of mankind.—P. E. M. Berthelot in Popular Science Monthly.

Heroes In Many Walks of Life.

Whoever has a high and worthy purpose at heart, whether of truth or duty or love, and also has the strength and courage to work, to sacrifice and to suffer, if need be, for its sake, is worthy of the name of hero. One quietly denies himself pleasure or comfort or ease for the aged parent or sick child. Another gives up cherished plans because they would interfere with the claims of a dependent family. One faces the displeasure of friends and society sooner than forsake his principles; another employs all his power in defense of the weak and against the oppressor.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Large Writing Unfashionable.

It is not the latest style to write as big as possible, but it is the latest fad to make the bigness bigger than any other woman's if you possibly can.

Also, it is pechutt (not chic any longer) to put no address on your letter, no date, and on no account to punctuate it. It is high style to be misunderstood by all except the woman to whom you write.—Boston Globe.

MR. COOPER'S BEAR STORY.

The Low Down Trick That Was Perpetrated by President Arthur.

Every clubman in New York city knows about United States Appraiser Marvelle W. Cooper's famous bear story. Many of them have heard him tell it. But none of them can relate it accurately, and neither can he. He deliberately set to work to forget it a number of years ago, and he says he has succeeded. It's a pity. The boys say that he used to take nearly a whole evening to tell it, and that there was a laugh in nearly every line. Mr. Cooper, with a smile on his jolly face and with his eyes beaming through his glasses, will tell you if you ask him for the bear story that he has made a vow not to tell it again.

It was the plague of his life. Everywhere he went the bear story was called for. At last he went down to Washington with a crowd of well known New Yorkers. The object of the trip was to present some handsome silver oyster forks to President Arthur. After the presentation Arthur sent an invitation to dinner.

"I can't—I won't accept," said Cooper, shuddering at the thought of the bear story.

"But you must. Why, an invitation from the president can't be refused. It's mandatory."

"No, I won't accept," said Cooper. "If I went some of you fellows would be calling for the bear story."

"No, we wouldn't," they protested.

"I'll tell you," said Mr. Cooper, "I won't take your word for it, but I'll swear you."

So he got a Bible, and each man took a solemn oath that he wouldn't call for the bear story.

Then Marvelle consented to go to the dinner.

He had a good time and was settling down to an evening of solid enjoyment and smiling as he thought how he had headed off the bear story.

Suddenly President Arthur, at whose right hand he sat, arose and rapped for order.

"Gentlemen," said he, "by virtue of the authority vested in me by the people as president of these United States, I command the Hon. Marvelle W. Cooper to arise and tell his bear story."

Cooper felt for a moment as if the roof had fallen. His friends had kept their pledge by not demanding the story, but had "posted" the president, who thought the joke delicious.

Mr. Cooper related the story in his best style, and then said: "And now, Mr. President and gentlemen, I solemnly declare that no power on earth will ever successfully command or induce me to tell the bear story again. I'll forget it."

Therefore, although nothing would have been more charming than to have revived it in this article, Marvelle W. Cooper's bear story must rest in mystery, like that other famous untold tale of "grouse in the gunroom."—New York World.

How Time Is Reckoned.

The entire world, Russia alone excepted, begins the new year with the first day of January; in that country the year is not ushered in until March 25. This last date was the opening of the new year in England and in America up to within less than 150 years ago. It was in 1751 that the famous Lord Chesterfield secured the passage of a bill which set the beginning of the new year for Jan. 1.

In continental Europe, on the other hand, Jan. 1 has been New Year's day for more than three centuries. In 1582 it was so ordained by Pope Gregory and adopted by all Europe, with the exceptions of England, Sweden and Russia.

Another change besides that of altering the date of the new year was made by Lord Chesterfield's reform. Up to that time the English calendar was 11 days behind that of other foreign countries—that is, when it was June 1 or July 1 in England it was the 12th of the month in continental Europe. By the Chesterfield change the calendar date was advanced 11 days. This change is what brought about the transition from "old style" to "new style" of reckoning.—Philadelphia Press.

Nature Does Not Like Extremes.

There is a disposition among Americans to go to excess in everything they undertake. A generation ago athletic sports were almost unknown, and the wise men predicted the extinction of the American. Now we have swung to the other extreme, and athletic sports are all the rage, especially among college students. It seems that many students are now devoting more attention to the development of muscle than to the accumulation of knowledge. The situation is a perplexing one to the authorities of the colleges, and they are now endeavoring to discover a method whereby students can be persuaded to take exercise moderately.

There is need for action of this sort. Too much athleticism is even more dangerous than too little. There is danger in overtraining of the body. All the noted athletes have either died young or broken down before they reached middle life. Nature does not take kindly to either extreme, physical or intellectual development, and those who press her too far must pay the penalty.—Altoona Tribune.

M. De Lesseps and Arabi Pasha.

When Lord Wolseley was at Ismailia in 1882, he had reason to suppose from information received that M. de Lesseps was in communication with Arabi Pasha. In consequence a close watch was kept upon the movements of le grand Francais with the result that he was detected in the act of telegraphing to the rebel leader advising him to attack the British force at once. If the message had been sent and the advice followed, there can be no doubt that a heavy blow would have been inflicted upon the English force. News of the incident was wired home at the time, but presumably for reasons of international diplomacy was never made public. M. de Lesseps, however, was kept practically under lock and key for some time afterward, and was only allowed to drive out once a day in a carriage under military escort.—Cor. Yorkshire (England) Post.

TO A STOLEN PORTRAIT.

As you gaze from my library table,
Mid manuscript, letters and books,
'Tis easy to see you're unable
To regulate all of your looks.

For could you suspect my transgression—
That I stole you and had you up here—
I'm morally sure the expression
You'd wear would be shocked and severe.

Yet why should you feel it a duty
To frown where your presence enthralls;
Where the radiant charm of your beauty
Sheds grace round my bachelor walls;

Where my pen droops o'er l'envoys and proems,
And my eyes stray from Gibbon and Grote
To study your eyes, and dream poems
Unwrit, save in cloud lands remote?

As well might some goddess ungracious
Begrudge to a votary's shrine
Her image, as thou deem audacious
The homage I offer to thine.

But should Madame Grundy's dictation
Outweigh a bohemian's plea,
And sentence of prompt confiscation
Be ruthlessly passed upon me,

Pray what if, on closer inspection,
This picture with which I must part
Should prove to be but the reflection
Of one that is graved on my heart?
—Duffield Osborne in Harper's Bazar.

LITTLE COLONEL.

I had watched him every day for weeks. He always stood in the shadow of the American express office on Market space, and his poor little hunchback was so pitiful. He was the tiniest mite imaginable, and his pallid little face was rendered doubly delicate in appearance by the little blue shirt he always wore. He had light brown hair that stuck out around the small felt cap perched back over the crown of his head like the softer wisps of hay that edge a stack in summer. His eyes were like the blue of the Italian sea, but the expression of his mouth was old, very old, and the business twang in his shrill voice very distinct as he yelled his wares to the passersby: "Collar buttons—two for a cent. Note paper—needles—twenty-five cents a pack!"

Some few used to buy from him; others more often would give him a nickel or a dime and let him keep his goods. To each and every purchaser he doffed his hat, but he forgot their faces as soon as they amalgamated with the crowd. One could see it was an irksome task—mechanical, unloved. He was studying on something all the time. All the weeks I passed by he did not learn to know me until one day I paused and asked: "Now, look here, colonel, I want you to recognize me when I go by next time. I've traded with you for weeks, and you never know me. I'm getting pretty mad about it, I can tell you, my friend."

The little chap looked up into my face with an incredulous stare. There were lots of unspoken comments in the small young heart beneath that jacket of navy blue, but all he said was, as he lifted his cap: "I'll know you next time. Warm, isn't it?"

"Right you are, colonel," I said. "How is business?"

"Pretty fair. Dull times now, though."

"Ought not to be for you," I said. "All the ladies are doing their spring shopping and having their sewing done. They can't sew without needles. You have needles. See?"

He threw me a shrewd glance from those wonderful blue eyes of his.

"I see," he said.

After this I never passed without receiving a salute from the little colonel, and sometimes when out with a friend I was enabled to introduce a new customer to him. These favors he always appreciated, and I came to be looked upon as the advertising member of the firm. Between us we built up a big business, and we both felt encouraged.

But one day as I sauntered down there, thinking of a certain little piece of good news I had for my partner, I was somewhat startled by missing the colonel from the old stand.

"Funny," I thought, "very funny, he did not speak of his intended vacation. I am surprised, for the colonel is generally so businesslike." I went on disappointed, of course. Days passed, and still I missed him. I could not find any trace of him, and, strange to say, during all our intimacy I had neglected to inquire his exact address.

All day long, and as much of the night as I was awake, I was confronted by a vivid memory of his little, pallid face. The suspense seemed unbearable.

But just at that point where it seemed that I could not wait a moment longer I was relieved by a message from him. It reached me in this way: I was passing down the familiar Market space by the old stand, thinking fondly and sadly of the little colonel, when I noticed a big eyed colored boy with a double row of white teeth looking eagerly up and down the street. For some unaccountable reason I felt that he knew something of my partner. I stepped up to him and said:

"Good morning. Are you looking for some one?"

"Yessum, lady," he said. "I'se been lookin for a white lady as used to know the little chap as allers stands here sellin collar buttons. 'Deed I'm afraid, though, I can't find her. I've done spoke to three already, and, golly!" (here he grinned so both rows of teeth showed) "they was mad. 'Deed they was."

"How were you to know the lady?" I asked.

"Little Jim said," replied the boy, "I'd know her by her smile. So help me Gawd, every one as hes gone by a-grinnin I've axed, 'Is you the little colonel's partner?' an it strikes 'em silly an they gits mad. 'Deed they does!"

I was smiling broadly at his picturesque and animated relation of the past few hours' adventures; he ceased looking up and down the street and caught me in the middle of a full blown smile.

Up went the black paw, off went the cap, tattered and torn, and my inquisitor exclaimed, "Say, lady, yo' bean't her; be yo'?"

"You've found your man," I said; "I am the colonel's partner. Now tell me what message he sends by you."

"The colonel am very sick. He done tole me to fetch yo' ef yo' would come, an ef yo' had no time to tell yo' nebber min, but dat he'd tote himself down ter business at de first particular opportunity when he can get outen his bed."

"Can you take me to him?"

The boy was wonderfully solemn by this time and hustled off to lead the way in double quick time.

"Ef yo' is tired," he said thoughtfully, "yo' might tek a car. The line runs right near his house. I'll run behind. Yo' kin get off at —— street."

"You come, too," I said; "get on the platform. I'll pay your fare."

I was lost in dreams about my sick little friend when I was aroused by the car coming to a sudden standstill, and my guide came and touched my arm gently. Following him off the rear platform we turned into a little damp alleyway and stopped in front of a tumble down frame cottage.

"Poor little colonel," I thought, "we will have to get him out of this place as soon as he can be moved."

On either side of the alleyway stood a mass of little woolly headed urchins, male and female. I stepped over the threshold in the open doorway, for it was May, and the day, outside of the alley, at least, was warm. My guide followed in my wake. A pale faced woman met me and clasped both my extended hands in hers. There was sorrow, far deeper than tears would tell of, in that quiet, drawn face. There was a bed in the farther corner, and one little folded and parchmentlike hand rested on the darned coverlet.

I stepped to the side of the bed. The little light brown head was thrown back on the pillows, the blue eyes were more magical than ever in their hue. The mouth, with its shrewd, old lines was open, and the breath came unsteadily through the even rows of small white teeth.

My throat filled up and I could not speak. My poor little partner; my brave little colonel! His mother began fanning him gently and evenly again from the other side of the bed. His eyes brightened when he saw me and his hand was lifted to greet me.

"Had to give up business for a spell," said the colonel falteringly.

"Oh, darling," I cried, forgetting my part in this strange scene, "I cannot bear to see you look so ill. What can I get you?"

A radiant smile lighted his face and he pointed upward. "I'm afraid I can't do business in the old stand," he said faintly, "but I've got a place up there, and I hope I can keep my bunch on my back, 'cause if I don't when you come along you won't know the little colonel"——

He ceased speaking to rest. I passed him some wine and water mixed that stood at hand. His eyes fell on his little colored friend standing back by the door twisting his hat in both hands nervously and shifting noiselessly from one foot to the other.

"You found her by her smile, didn't you?" said the little colonel. "I told you you could tell it. My partner has the sweetest smile in the world."

The temporary stimulus afforded by the wine and water began to wear away ever so quickly.

The shouting of the children came in at the door and window, and a smile passed over the face of the little colonel.

"They are mostly black, but they were always good to me," he whispered.

Then suddenly he rose up on one thin little elbow and cried excitedly, "Collar buttons, two for a cent; needles and paper, twenty-five cents a pack," waiving an imaginary bundle in his hand. A change, sudden and awful, passed over his face, his hand tightened its grasp over my own, he sank slowly back on his pillow; there was a gentle fluttering of the eyelids, some long drawn struggling breaths, and the little colonel had moved to his new stand.—Helen Corinne Bergen.

Wonderful Little Padlock and Chain.

In a curious old book entitled "The Wonders and Curiosities of London," there are the following particulars concerning a minute padlock: In the twentieth year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Mark Scarliot, a blacksmith, made a lock consisting of eleven pieces of steel, iron and brass, all of which, together with the key, weighed but a small fraction over one grain. He also made a chain of gold, consisting of forty-three links, which, after fastening it to the lock and key above mentioned, he put around the neck of a common flea, the whole being so minute that the little insect could draw them over a silver plate with perfect ease. All of these together, lock, key, chain and flea, weighed a slight fraction less than 2½ grains.

Turkey Buzzards in the South.

The turkey buzzards that are to be seen in New Jersey and that appear to be working their way northward in considerable numbers have changed, or rather extended, their habitat within recent years. Before the war there were no buzzards in this latitude. They are unclean creatures, and if angry or alarmed will vomit at the object that has enraged or startled them. In southern cities they are protected by law, for they act as scavengers, and flocks of them may always be seen about the markets watching for offal. They become as tame as poultry, allowing men to approach within a few feet of them. Their voices are harsh and croaking, and they have a lopsided run as if they were lame in one leg.—New York Sun.

Removing Tumors Early.

If it were generally known among intelligent people that great numbers of innocent tumors sooner or later become malignant, and that malignant tumors often simulate benign tumors and remain quiescent for a great while, the sufferers would unhesitatingly consent to the removal of these morbid growths in their inception, long before the possible advent of serious mischiefs, or when the cure might be effected by minor operations which would leave the smallest scars, especially in such parts as the face, neck, arms or hands.—J. W. S. Gouley, M. D., in Popular Science Monthly.

HEALTH AND SQUALOR.

A Very Low Death Rate in the Most Crowded Ward in New York City.

"Appearances are sometimes deceptive and popular impressions erroneous," said Dr. Tracy, of the health department.

"What now?" I asked.

"I had a friend, a physician from Connecticut, call on me the other day. On one of his tramps about town he had strayed down in the Tenth ward, which is bounded by Division, Rivington and Norfolk streets and the Bowery. It is the banner tenement house ward of the city. There may be a dozen houses in which less than three families live, but most of the dwellings are double decked tenements, holding from twenty to sixty families to the house. Children swarm like bees, and it is probably the most densely populated spot in the United States, perhaps the globe. My friend thought that the mortuary record must be frightful.

"When I told him that it was about the most healthful district in New York, and with nearly the lowest death rate of any ward, he would scarcely believe me. Take the Nineteenth ward, between Fortieth and Eighty-sixth streets, east of Sixth avenue, which is mainly filled with the homes of the rich and well to do, the death rate is 21.82, while in the Tenth it but 18.73. The death rate in the old Ninth, or the 'village,' which contains but comparatively few tenements, is 23.34. The First, Fourth and Fourteenth are the three most unhealthful wards in the city, the rate being 35.02, 36.80 and 36.84 respectively. In the Twelfth ward, which comprises all of Manhattan Island north of Eighty-sixth street, and which contains the largest population, having within its borders about 225,000 souls, the rate is 19.28.

"As I said, a casual observer would consider the Tenth ward the most unhealthful in the city, owing to its crowded tenements and its geographical situation. The Twenty-first ward, bounded by Twenty-sixth street, Fortieth street, Sixth avenue and the East river, contains much of the aristocratic quarter of the town, but the death rate is 26.60. In fact, the Tenth ward, with its 60,000 Russian Jews and Germans, has the lowest death rate of any ward except the Third—a small ward, containing but 1,300 population, and whose death rate is 16.95."—New York Herald.

Sailed Without Her Husband.

An interesting story is told of Mr. and Mrs. Haggard while they were traveling in this country in the spring of 1891. It is said that while in Mexico, at Vera Cruz, they arranged to sail north along the Atlantic coast to New York. While waiting for the steamer Mr. Haggard took a small coasting boat and made several voyages up and down the Mexican seaboard in search of curiosities and traditions, and became so interested that he forgot the flight of time and the sailing day of his vessel.

Mrs. Haggard thought her husband had been captured for a ransom, but with the courage so characteristic of her felt certain that he would turn up all right somewhere; so when the steamer was ready to sail for New York she went aboard and proceeded on her way. When Mr. Haggard reached Vera Cruz and found neither steamer nor wife he took the railroad, and as fast as steam could take him returned to New York. There in the corridor of a hotel husband and wife were reunited.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Loading a Mississippi Steamboat.

They loaded the lower deck inside and out; they loaded her upper deck where the chairs for the passengers had seemed to be supreme, and then they loaded the roof over that deck and the side spaces until her sides were sunk low down near the river's surface, and she bristled at every point with boxes, bales, agricultural implements, brooms, carriages, bags, and, as the captain remarked, "Heaven only knows what she ain't got aboard her."

The mates roared; the negroes talked all the time or sung to rest their mouths; the boat kept settling in the water, and the mountains of freight swelled at every point. It was well said that twenty ordinary freight trains on a railroad would not carry as much freight as was stowed aboard of her, and I did not doubt the man who remarked to me that when such a boat, so laden, discharged her cargo loosely at one place it often made a pile bigger than the boat itself.—Julian Ralph in Harper's.

Grecian Sculptures.

The Greeks, who manifested the highest superiority in the most diverse branches, may be cited as a proof the want of parallelism between the development of the various elements of civilization. Their literature was already brilliant in the Homeric epoch, but modern discoveries in archæology show that in the same period their sculptures were grossly barbaric and were simply crude imitations of Egyptian Assyrian work.—Gustave Le Bon in Popular Science Monthly.

An Intelligent Clerk.

In press cutting agents' offices it is the custom when a paragraph in the newspapers refers to any one to cut the paragraph out and send it to the person referred to, with an intimation that he will be supplied with further cuttings on such and such terms. The principal of one such office was very much horrified to find that a clerk had addressed a few cuttings to Dr. Johnson, Bolt court, Fleet street.—London Tit-Bits.

Brilliant Advice.

It was Count Montrond who said to Alexandre de Girardin of a young man who was beginning to make a brilliant reputation, and whom Girardin did not appreciate, "Hasten to recognize him or he will not recognize you."—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Tumbler Pigeon.

Among recent breeds of pigeons is the parlor tumbler, which has not only lost the power of flight, but has very nearly lost that of walking as well. Its queer motions when it attempts to walk have given it its name, the tumbler.—Sports Afield.

Curious Experiments in High Air.

Nearly 100 years ago, in 1794, M. Boit and Gay-Lussac, the pioneer balloonists, conducted the most remarkable series of high air experiments ever known. Although ballooning was in its infancy at the time, the facts proved by those intrepid navigators of the air have been of inestimable value to all later investigators. They took domestic animals and birds of various kinds along with them for the purpose of taking notes on the effect which the extreme cold and rarified air would have on such creatures. They were also well provided with various scientific instruments and other suitable apparatus. The first experimental ascension carried them and their cargo to a height of 13,000 feet.

At 8,000 feet the animals and birds seemed to all be in normal condition; at 10,000 all were breathing very rapidly. When the barometer showed that a height of 11,000 feet had been attained a pigeon was liberated, or rather thrown from the basket, for it fell like a lump of lead, being utterly unable to flap a wing on account of the rarified state of the air at that altitude. Gay-Lussac had a normal pulse beat of 62 per minute; at 11,000 feet this had increased to 80. When on terra firma Boit's beat at 79 per minute and 111 when the 11,000-foot level was reached.—St. Louis Republic.

What We Eat.

"Many thieves go down Red lane" is a homely saying, but within its proverblike garb there lurks an idea which is worth brief consideration. The red lane is the throat, and it was purposed by the Creator as the pathway by which those things that are good for food might supply the strength and repair the waste of the human machine. But, alas! how many thieves that rob the power, unnerve the strength and increase the waste of vitality come in—some boldly, with our knowledge, and others slyly and unaware. Intemperance in food or drink, or even in drugs whose quality if rightly used is remedial, can convert each and all of them into thieves, robbing the user either savagely and without quarter in brigand style, or bit by bit like a sneak thief.

The truth that there cannot be a healthful, vigorous manhood or womanhood unless the body be well nourished has caused many to forget that there is a mind and soul to be fed as well, and has enlarged the feeding of the physical powers to a place beyond its rightful deserts. Such people need to be reminded that it is not all of life to eat.—Harper's Bazar.

A Relic of a Bygone Day.

The great wall of China has outlived its usefulness. The powerful Tartar and Mongol hordes, whose sudden raids and invasions it was built to resist, are no more to be feared. The great Genghis and Kublai could not lead their people to gory conquest now as they did centuries ago. The Chinese civilization has endured, while the once conquering Mongols, the people who in their brightest days established an empire from the Black sea to the China coast, and a court at Peking of such luxury and splendor as Marco Polo described, are now doomed to pass away, leaving nothing behind them but the traditions and records and ruins of a brilliant past.

The wall stands as a sharp line of division between the tribes of the north and the Chinese. The latter, though repeatedly subdued and forced to bear a foreign yoke, have shown an irrepressible vitality to rise like a phœnix, and to reassert their supremacy and the superiority of their civilization.—Romyn Hitchcock in Century.

The Prayer She Wanted.

"The humorous annals of Episcopacy ought to be written up," said a Methodist woman. "They wouldn't hurt the church and would divert millions. Some Episcopalians, you know, imagine they can find a prayer for every event in life laid down in their precious ritual. When I was in Florida the baby girl of an Episcopal neighbor of mine was dreadfully scalded. I was sent for and found the household in great excitement, everybody running about, hunting for cotton, oil and other needed medicaments for the injured child. As I did not see the poor mother in the crowd working over the infant I searched for her and finally found her. She was in her parlor leaning over a table and wildly whirling the leaves of a large prayer book. As I approached she looked up with an agonized countenance and exclaimed excitedly:

"'Oh! What shall I do? I cannot find the prayer for the scalded baby! I can't find the prayer for the scalded baby!'"—Chicago Times.

A Watchmakers' Street.

Smartleigh—Now if all business in New York city were concentrated on certain streets—for instance, dyers on Dey street, bunko steerers on Jay street, florists on the Bowery, detectives on Center street, and so on—where would the jewelers and watchmakers go?

Dulleigh—I suppose on Minute street.

Smartleigh—Ah, but there is no Minute street.

Dulleigh—Oh, yes, there is.

Smartleigh—Out on you!

Dulleigh—How about Sixty-second?—Jewelers' Circular.

A Schoolmaster's Advice.

At the dinner given to F. Hopkinson Smith one of the speakers referred to the fact that their honored guest was known to some of his friends as Frank H. Smith. When Mr. McElroy was called upon he alluded to this fact, and said it reminded him of a piece of advice which one of his schoolmasters had given to the class. "Boys," said this pedagogue, "never part your name in the middle unless your name happens to be E Pluribus Unum."—New York World.

Answered at Last.

"What are the wild waves saying?" murmured the woman as she stood on the silver lining of the mighty main.

"Nothing, Maria," replied the man hoarsely. "They are like some people we know; they make a great deal of noise, but don't say anything."—Exchange.

THE BEST

Remedy for colds, coughs, and the common disorders of the throat and lungs, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is universally recommended by the profession. It breaks up the phlegm, soothes inflammation, allays painful symptoms, and induces repose. In bronchitis and pneumonia, it affords speedy relief, and is unrivaled as a prompt and effective

Emergency Medicine

in croup, sore throat, and the sudden pulmonary diseases to which young children are so liable.

"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has had a wonderful effect in curing my brother's children of a severe and dangerous cold. It was truly astonishing how speedily they found relief, and were cured, after taking this preparation."—Miss Annette N. Moen, Fountain, Minn.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Prompt to act, sure to cure

Society Directory.

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State Secretary, J F Brennan, 1210 West Chestnut-st, Bloomington, Ill.
State Treasurer, Alex Vaughey, Seneca, Ill.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 83 E. Madison-st, at 3 p m.
County Delegate, P B Flanagan, 3625 Fifth av.
County Secretary, Francis J Conroy, 496 Thirty-fifth-st.
County Financial Secretary, D Kirby, 466 W Erie st.
County Treasurer, M E Lynch, 520 W Erie st.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Div No 1—J J Adamson, Pres, 352 W Fourteenth-st; R P O'Grady, V P; Edward Quinn, Rec Sec, 873 Ashland-av; Christopher McLaughlin, Fin Sec; Jere'h O'Brien, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 2 p m, at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; Michael Harmon, V P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; Patrick J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

Div 3—Ambrose Bede, Pres, Morton Park, Ill; James Carroll, V P; Wm J Luby, Rec Sec, Wm Hede, Fin Sec; P J Duffy, Treas. Meets 3d Sunday of each month in Society hall, Ogden and Western avs.

Div 4—Daniel Collins, Pres, 931 S Halsted st; David Mulligan, V P; Daniel Coreon, Rec Sec; Peter F Radigan, Fin Sec; Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meet last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av & Union st.

Div 6—P G Maguire, Pres, 4355 Wentworth-av; Michael Reilly, V P; Michael D O'Brien, Rec Sec, 1429 33rd st; Jas Evan, Fin Sec, 672 46th st; Martin Fanning Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of month at 3 p m, in hall, corner Forty-second and Halsted sts.

Div 7—Wm Sullivan, Pres, 130 Lytle-st; Patrick Carmody, V P; Patrick Foley, Rec Sec, 3442 Marshfield-av; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W Twelfth-st, 2d Sunday of month at 7:30.

Div 8—M J Ryan, Pres, 257 Michigan-st; M Doyle, V P; D J Mahoney, Rec Sec; P J O'Sullivan, Fin Sec; James McDermott, Treas. Meet third Sunday of each month at 8 p m, corner Clark and Michigan sts.

Div 9—P O'Sullivan, Pres, South Chicago; P C Finerty, V P; Thomas White, Rec Sec, South Chicago; Owen Ahern, Fin Sec; T Ahern, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m, Edgeman's hall, South Chicago.

Div 10—John B O'Connor, Pres, 4520 Dreyer-st; James Small, V P; Denis O Toole, Rec Sec, 4125 State-st; Patrick O'Brien, Fin Sec; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av, at 3 p m.

Div 11—D Kirby, Pres, 466 W Erie st; M R Lynch, V P; T J Lamb, Rec Sec, 578 W Erie st; M J Bradshaw Fin Sec; M J Corcoran, Treas. Meet 1st Monday each month in Anchor hall, Paulina and Indiana sts at 8 p m.

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Got His Fifty Dollars.

I was traveling in Kansas in the early part of the seventies and was at Topeka a night or two after the big Chicago fire. Among the boys at the hotel was a fellow who had lived in the district on the North Side that had been completely swept away by the flames. He was waiting for money to get home when he got the news and was so excited that he could not eat or sleep. The money hadn't come, and he was worked up to the highest pitch. I had just got a remittance from my house, and while I was counting it he came up and told me his "tale of woe." I had never seen the man before, but I let him have fifty dollars, which was half I had.

Time passed, and as I never heard from him I concluded my money was gone, and after a time I forgot it and also the man's name. When in Minneapolis about three years ago some one came to me in the hotel and asked if my name was Wetmore. Said he, "I owe you fifty dollars," and recalled the Topeka incident. It might have been the same man and it might not, for all I remember, but I took the fifty dollars just the same.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Annual Slaughter of Pheasants.

It has been estimated that in the United Kingdom over 400,000 pheasants are killed every season, of which about half find their way into the London market, a supply that could never have been approached by the old system of wild pheasant shooting, or any other than that of careful preservation and rearing for large shooting parties. Of course it is only at the height of the country house season that plump pheasants are procurable at the poulterers' at the ordinary price of chickens, but nevertheless while the luxurious supply laste townspeople during the greater part of November and December are enabled to dine off roast pheasant at something less than a fourth of its first cost to the producer.—London Tit-Bits.

Some Famous Dunces.

Literary history is crowded with instances of torpid and uninteresting boyhood. Gibbon was pronounced "dreadfully dull," and the utmost that was predicted of Hume in his youth was that "he might possibly become a steady merchant." Adam Clarke, afterward so deeply skilled in oriental languages and antiquities, was pronounced by his father to be "a grievous dunce," and of Boileau, who became a model for Pope, it was said that he was a youth of little understanding. Dryden was "a great numskull," who went through a course of education at Westminster, but the "stimulating properties of Dr. Busby's classical ferrule were thrown away upon the drone who was to be known as 'Glorious John.'"—London Standard.

One of Grant's Pictures.

The original picture of "Sheridan's Ride," painted by T. Buchanan Read, now hangs in the private office of President Thomas L. James, of the Lincoln bank. It is about five by four feet in dimensions, and is especially notable for spirited figure of the horse upon which Sheridan is mounted. The picture is the property of Mrs. U. S. Grant, and was sent to the Lincoln storage warehouse pending some alterations in the Grant residence. It was purchased from the artist by a few western men and presented to General Grant soon after the close of the war.—New York Times.

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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK. ss. Superior Court of Cook County, January Term, A. D. 1893. Edward J. Thomas vs. Mary F. Thomas. In Chancery. No. 144,999.
Notice is hereby given to the said Mary E. Thomas that the above named complainant heretofore filed his bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Superior Court of Cook County, to be held at the court house in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the first Monday of February, A. D. 1893, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.
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David Sullivan, Compl'ts Sol'r.

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ESTATE OF GEORGE RYAN, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of George Ryan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted, at a term of said court, to be held a the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of March, A. D. 1893, being the 20th day thereof.
Dated Chicago, January 26, 1893.
JAMES RYAN,
Administrator of the estate of George Ryan, deceased.
James O'Connell, Attorney.

JAMES McENERNY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 1108 UNITY BUILDING.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Superior Court of Cook County. January Term, A. D. 1893. Archibald Wilson vs. Eva Catharine Wilson. In Chancery. No. 4,433. Gen. No. 145,107. Affidavit of non-residence of Eva Catharine Wilson, defendant in the above entitled cause named, having been filed in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court, notice is hereby given to the said Eva Catherine Wilson that the above named complainant heretofore filed his bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Superior Court of Cook County to be held at the Court House in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the first Monday of February, A. D. 1893, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.
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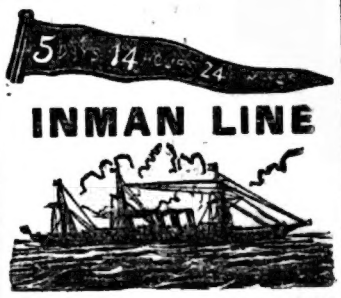

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